Vol. CXL. No. 3819.

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The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander

Lee Garmes

Valerie Hobson, a Trim British Star

At sixteen she was in the R.A.D.A. and thought herself lucky to understudy Adèle Dixon. At seventeen she had a film part to her credit and had been translated to Hollywood. At eighteen she was playing leads there. At nineteen she returned to England to work with young Fairbanks in *Jump for Glory*. At twenty she was making *The Drum*, and the film, Korda's biggest box-office success to date, had its premiere on her twenty-first birthday. (It is now doing good business in the States, as *Drums*.) This is what Valerie Hobson has achieved by hard work plus luck plus an attractive voice, an aptitude for wearing good clothes well, and the thoughtful, pretty face you see here. Korda has now loaned her, with Ralph Richardson and Laurence Olivier, to Columbia's Irving Asher for *Q Planes*, a mystery film which opens the company's £250,000 British programme

"Old Bill" and the "Dungarees"

Specially drawn for the BYSTANDER *by Bruce Bairnsfather*

"So you're a Sergeant in the Second 'Ampshires, are yer?
Well, I'm a Private in the First Overalls, if yer wants to know"

Mr. Winston Churchill, *using parliamentary gestures to drive points home to his invisible listeners, broadcast to America the Sunday before last on a 70-station hook-up of the N.B.C. The microphone was taken into the rt. hon. gentleman's study at Westerham, Kent, and he then emphasised the need for arms, the need for a firm stand (next time) by democracies against dictators. "Is this is a call to war? I declare it to be the only guarantee of peace." The noble Churchillian phrases came over well in the States, also in Germany where they drew sharp retorts from the Boersen-Zeitung, official harrier of Eden, Duff Cooper and Churchill*

King Leopold of the Belgians *came over to London last week with his sister, the Crown Princess of Italy, on a private visit. King Leopold is to be godfather to Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke's son and heir who is going to be called Leopold David. The Princess of Piedmont has many English friends, having, as Princess Marie José, been at school in Essex*

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Cabinet has at last met, and in a short time politics will be in full swing again after the Ministerial holidays. The three main problems which face the Prime Minister immediately are the British-American trade agreement, the truly dreadful situation in Palestine, and the reconstruction of the Cabinet. The trade treaty ought to have been ready for signature long ago, but it has been held up, it is understood, by the heavy pressure brought upon the United States Government by the motor industry of America. The motor industry, which is enormously powerful, is reported to be claiming a ten per cent. reduction on the tariff into England.

IT is now, as I write, nineteen days since the British Fleet has been mobilised and at sea without a First Lord of the Admiralty. So far as my researches go this is a record in the annals of the Navy. Mr. Geoffrey Shakespeare, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, is without doubt a gentleman of infinite charm and capacity, but somehow I feel that the country would prefer, let us say, a better-known statesman as the civilian head of Britain's First Line of defence in an international crisis.

POLITICS in Berlin seem to have let up for a bit, and there is no activity on the Berchtesgaden front. This is a pleasant respite after recent happenings. There is, however, a steady undercurrent of growls about the colonies, and the German element which wants to strike while the iron is hot and demand the colonies back at once will no doubt be encouraged by the speech last week of Mr. Scrymgeour-Wedderburn, Under Secretary for Scotland. This Minister is reported to have announced at a meeting near Glasgow that he is in favour in principle of the return of the colonies to Germany.

THE Polish Foreign Minister has paid an urgent visit to King Carol of Rumania with a new scheme for dividing up what is left of Czechoslovakia, so that Hungary and Poland get a common frontier. King Carol, who is virtually in command of Rumania, is strongly against the scheme, even though Colonel Beck is said to be offering him part of the spoils. Rumania does not wish her railway communications with Central Europe to run across a possibly hostile Polish-Hungarian bloc, and Germany feels the same about her communications with the Balkans. From the point of view of Great Britain the question may well be asked again: what on earth *is* the guarantee of the new Czech frontiers that Mr. Chamberlain gave at Munich? What exactly are we guaranteeing when the Polish Foreign Minister can trot round Europe offering here and there pieces of a country that we have guaranteed?

AS I write, Kemal Ataturk is lying at death's door. Of all the modern dictators, he has been by far the most picturesque, because he could be a dictator and a human being simultaneously. He did not arrogantly proclaim himself to be a man of superhuman asceticism. While he was rebuilding modern Turkey out of chaos, he would work furiously all day and dance and play poker and drink most of the night. It is a miracle how his physique stood the life for nineteen years. He began his task in 1919, and held the reins ever since.

IT is now admitted that there is in existence a very drastic and all-powerful political film censorship. The latest edition of the *March of Time* has been heavily censored in such a way that in the future the news reels are a powerful weapon for propaganda in the hands of whatever Government is in power.

FOR many years the League of Nations Union published a monthly journal called *Headway*, which it circulated to all its members who subscribed 3s. 6d. a year. It was not a very good paper, and used to come in for a good deal of quiet chaffing. Now *Headway* has been reorganised and is no longer a house organ of a propaganda body, but is a commercial monthly on sale at the book-stalls. If subsequent numbers are to be as good as the first, *Headway* will become indispensable to any student of foreign affairs.

MR. DE VALERA, the Prime Minister of Eire, has chosen rather an awkward moment for launching his new campaign for the union of Ulster and Eire. It is awkward because for the last two months everyone has been

(Concluded on page 129)

Photographs by

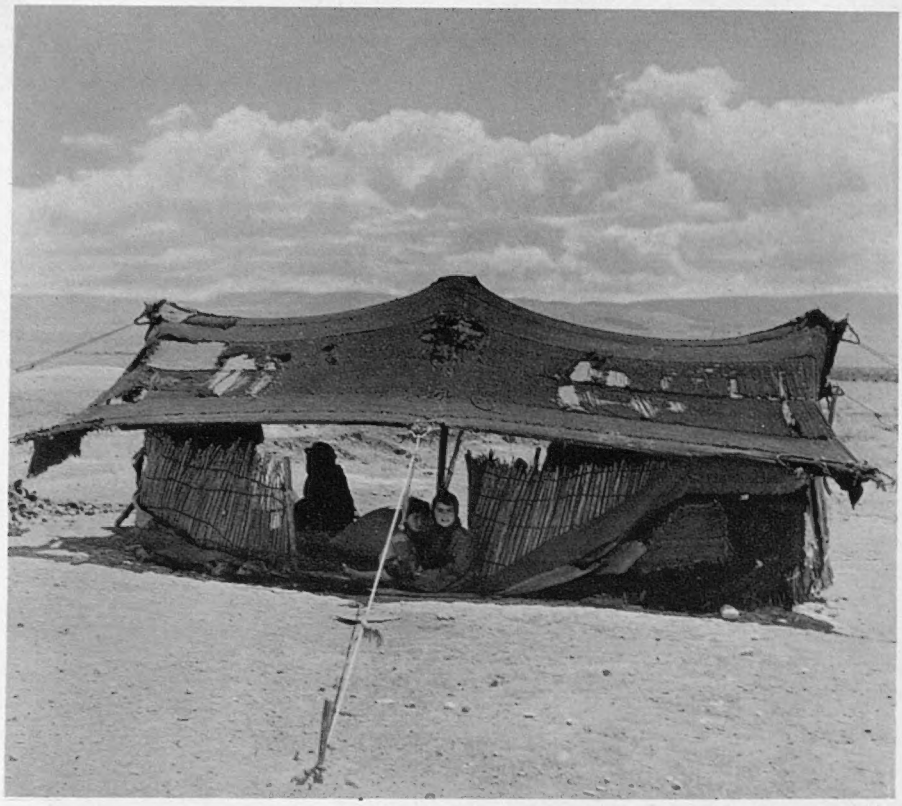
A Palestine Arab—

This is a cheerful Moslem, dressed in the gay stripes and checks that his people like, wearing the Arab head-dress of a keffiyeh bound round with the rope-like agghal. He is an Arab of Palestine, and though the true Arab is the most ancient and in many ways the purest Semite, this one has Phœnician and ancient Jewish blood in his veins, with perhaps traces of Turk and Negro. He likes to drink coffee and tea, thinks himself lucky to get mutton or camels' flesh, regards as his great delicacy locusts cooked in salt water (rather like shrimps). He hates the Jews, not only because they are unbelievers but because tens of thousands of them have poured yearly into his country to his disadvantage. He deeply distrusts the British

Halsmann

—And a Jew

Seventy years after the crucifixion Jerusalem was destroyed by the Romans and the Jews were persecuted suppressed and finally dispersed from their land. Throughout the Middle Ages Jews were a negligible quantity in Palestine. Their return began in the sixteenth century, when many were expelled from Spain and Portugal. At the same time oriental Jews from Northern Africa, Egypt, Turkey, Arabia and the Yemen began to filter back to the Holy Land. The infiltration has gained ever since : Jews in Palestine, 1839—12,000 ; 1880—35,000 ; 1900—70,000 ; 1931—174,610 ; 1936—384,000. This old oriental Jew with a Hamitic nose has his roots much more firmly in Palestine soil than his modern brothers (next page), has more in common with the British than the Arabs in religion, more in common with the Arabs than the British in blood. In at least one village in Palestine Jews can only be told from Arabs by the god they call to—Jehovah or Allah



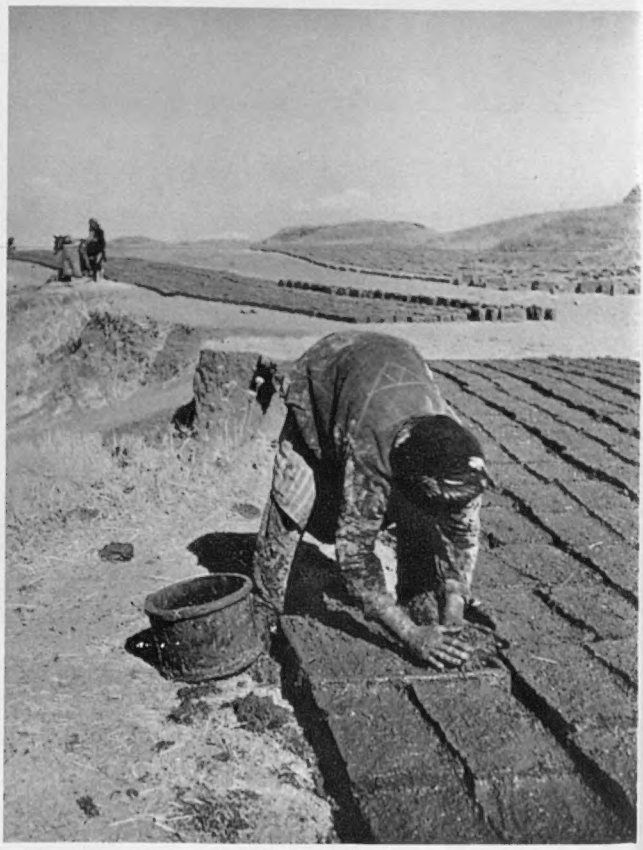
The oldest *way of human life—the nomadic—still persists among the Bedouin Arabs (bedawi) who are of purer Arab stock than their settled brothers (hadari) in Palestine. Direct descendants of the half-savage tribes that have inhabited the Arabian peninsula from time out of mind, they pitch camp in inconspicuous places, dwell in caves or in tents of black goat's-hair ("the tents of Kedar")*

The newest *way of life in Palestine is in central-heated, concrete apartment houses in the mushroom Jewish town of Tel-Aviv, where every third man seems to be a shop-keeper and where every European language is spoken*

Ancient Arab and Modern Jew in the Holy Land

Photographs by Halsmann

Buxom Jewish land-girls *are disliked by the Arabs not only for their brazen display of flesh but because they are much more efficient agriculturalists. This Rachel came from Poland because she hoped in Palestine to be free from threat of pogroms. Jewish immigration for the first fifteen post-war years was 41 per cent. from Poland, 27 per cent. from Germany, 5 per cent. from Roumania, 3 per cent. from Lithuania, 3 per cent. from Yemen*



Tough Arab women *carry on an industry that the Jews were made to do under Pharaoh—brick-making. This woman places a double wooden frame on the ground, fills it with mud and straw, removes the mould, leaves the bricks to bake in the sun*

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 125).

screaming "self-determination" and "plebiscites." If these two principles were accepted at Munich as part of a just and peaceful settlement of a dispute, why should they not also be used to determine the future of the six counties of Ulster? It is a difficult question to answer. The moment a political device is promoted to the rank of a sacred principle, then it obviously must apply everywhere or nowhere.

MAJOR JOHN HAY BEITH has been appointed to the post of Public Relations Officer at the War Office. There could not be a better man than Ian Hay to put the Army across, not to Flanders, but to the public. Ian Hay is best remembered, of course, by his celebrated book, *The First Hundred Thousand*. I always think the high spot in that book was the description of the two Highlanders examining their blankets microscopically after they had been through the impressive-looking Foden-Thresh disinfector. "Man," says one Jock to the other, "they 're a' there yet." "Aye," replied the other, "but they must hae' gotten an awfu' fricht."

THE Sandys report has been published at last, and I doubt if there is a soul who cares two straws about the business one way or another. It is an old story, and subsequent events have been a good deal more important and a good deal more exciting. In the words of the old song, "the sands of the desert have grown cold." The only conclusion to be drawn from the whole business is the one that unfortunately we all know only too well by this time that there were not nearly enough guns to defend London during the crisis.

Yorkshiremen in London *gathered at the May Fair Hotel for the thirty-third annual dinner of the Yorkshire Society last week. Two distinguished guests were Lady Burghley, whose brother, the Duke of Buccleuch, holds the earldom of Doncaster and whose mother is a daughter of the fourth Earl of Bradford; and Lt.-Col. Sir Murrough Wilson, whose claims to Yorkshire are sixfold—born there, served in its regiment, in its railway (L.N.E.R.), is M.P. for its Richmond Division, J.P. in the North Riding and D.L. for the county*

YET another distinguished man has committed suicide after a spell in the concentration camp at Dachau. Judge Langer was awaiting trial in prison in Salzburg on the charge of treason and judicial murder. In other words, when he was an Austrian judge he administered the law against terrorism.

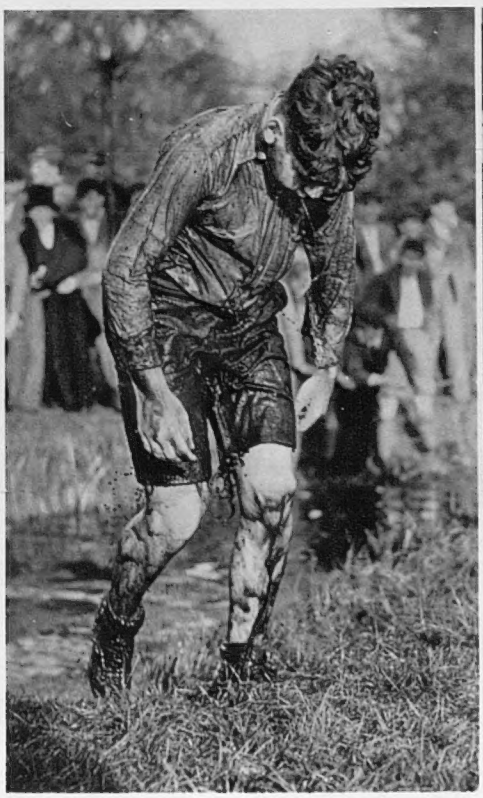
THE London County Council has been fairly letting itself go in the renaming of streets in the City. Castle Court, a dull name, becomes Florio Court; Cross Lane becomes Gophir Lane; Fountain Court becomes, a little pedantically I think, Fountaine Court; Short Street becomes Silk Place; Whitehart Court becomes Grass Court; and, best of all, Crown Court, off Chancery Lane, is now to be dignified with the name Andrew's Crosse. Romantic boys these county councillors.

THE prize for self-esteem this week is divided between *Punch* and the *Daily Express*. The former has issued a circular claiming that its "shrewd appraisement of values will keep your outlook and conversation informed and interesting." The *Daily Express* in a leading article refers to all the "newspaper editors who read the *Daily Express* and derive inspiration and guidance from this journal."

A REAL effort is being made by certain far-sighted theatrical managers to lower the cost of theatre-going in the West End. Mr. Henry Sherek, that genial giant, is putting on *Idiot's Delight* again at His Majesty's at reduced prices, thus following the example of the management of *Glorious Morning* and *George and Margaret*, and the Winter Garden. I am quite certain that in the long run this policy is bound to be a help to the theatre as a whole, although there are sure to be some sufferers.

FOR the first time in my life I went to the Motor Show, and I must say I was greatly impressed both by the lay-out of the Show and by the extraordinarily attractive appearance of many of the cars. The modern coachbuilder and designer certainly knows his job. The only part of the Show which worried me was the display here and there of cross-sections of engines, clutches, gears and what-not. If there is one thing I don't want to understand, it is the inside of a motor-car.

THE chief optimist of the week is the very old, very unwashed little man, with matted hair and long, tangled beard, who was standing in the Kensington High Street last Friday as I passed. The street was full of those lovely ladies who frequent the big drapery stores of that district, and the little old man was wailing out on an accordion, "Parlez-moi d'Amour."



Steeplechasing *at Eton College is always good for an autumn picture of a youth emerging, like this, from the water hazard*

Steeplechasing *under N.H. rules at Sandown Park was the event where Mr. Nixon was photographed in this hide and sheep's wool great-coat*

Social Register

TWO WEDDINGS

Mr. Feilding and Miss Elizabeth Fletcher

The Hon. David Charles Feilding, the late Viscount and Viscountess Feilding's second son, and Elizabeth Fletcher, second daughter of the late William Fletcher and Mrs. Fletcher, of 48, Draycott Place, S.W., were married at the Brompton Oratory. The Hon. Basil Feilding was best man to his brother ; they are the Earl of Denbigh's grandsons

Capt. Whetherly and Miss Rosemary Lever

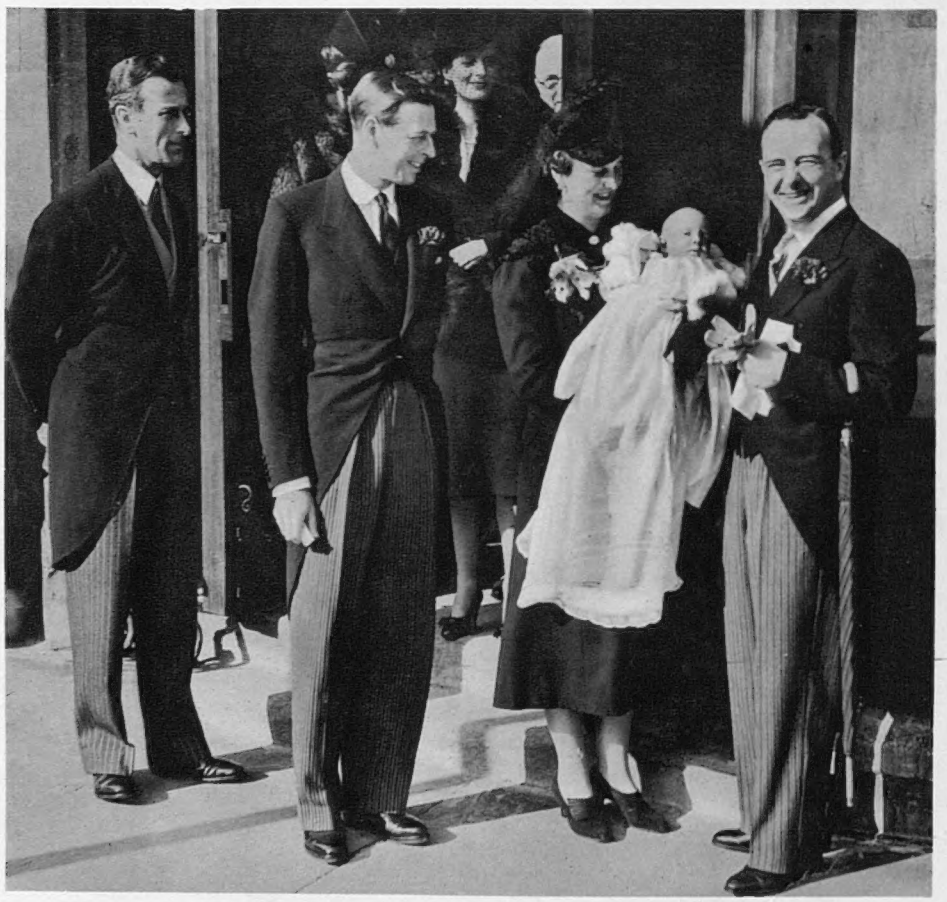
William Erskine Stobart Whetherly, 1st King's Dragoon Guards, son of Lt.-Col. W. Stobart and Mrs. Whetherly, married the Hon. Rosemary Lever at St. Margaret's, Westminster. She is the daughter of Viscount Leverhulme and of Mrs. Selden Long. She was given away by her father and her mother afterwards held a reception at Claridge's

NIGHT LIFE IN BATH

Lady Nunburn-

Lady Nunburnholme danced together at the famous Assembly Duchess of Kent (see Lady Nunburnholme's

A CHRISTENING



Jeremy George Courtenay Bradford, His Godfathers and His Parents

Lord Louis Mountbatten and the Duke of Kent smiled at their new godson after his Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road, christening, when he was named Jeremy George Courtenay. He is the son of Commander and Mrs. G. F. N. Courtenay Bradford, of 169, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. They were married in Shanghai about two years ago. Before that Mrs. Bradford was Anne Spence

REGISTER OFFICE WEDDING

Mrs. Hussey and Mr. Mollison

Mrs. Phyllis Hussey and Jim Mollison were to be married last week at Caxton Hall register office. She owns property in Jamaica, was formerly the wife of Commander Hussey, who married the Hon. Mrs. Harmsworth recently. Jim Mollison's first marriage to the former Amy Johnson took place in 1932

NIGHT LIFE IN LONDON

holme, Mr. Herbert

and the Hon. David Herbert grand ball which reopened the Rooms at Bath last week. The p. 132) stayed at Longleat with father, the Marquess of Bath

Mr. Peter Bull, Miss Elisabeth Bergner

These two were at the opening of Robert Morley's play, "Goodness, How Sad!" at the Vaudeville. Peter Bull is presenting the play, having given it its first production at his Perranporth Summer Theatre last year. He is Sir Stephen Bull's youngest brother

HAPPY DEPARTURE

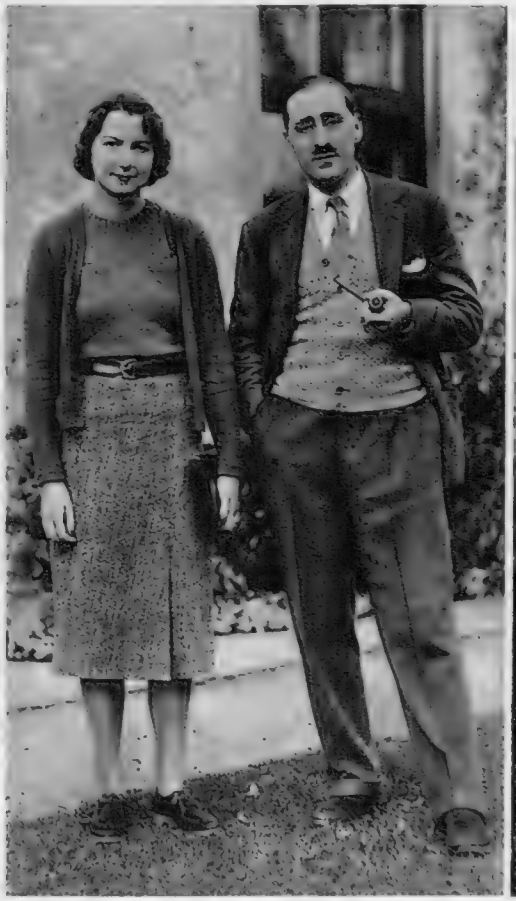
Earl and Countess Beatty Leave for Their Cruise

Lord and Lady Beatty sailed for America in the Ile de France last Wednesday on the first stage of their world cruise, and the last stage of Lord Beatty's long convalescence after his very serious hunting accident. For Lady Beatty it is a home journey; she is American, from Virginia, was Mrs. Dorothy Power Sands before her 1937 marriage

THREE ENGAGEMENTS

Engaged Last Week

Alan Lennox-Boyd, M.P., son of Mrs. Lennox-Boyd, of Henlow Grange, Bedfordshire, and Lady Patricia Guinness, the Earl and Countess of Iveagh's second daughter, announced their engagement ten days ago. He is Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Labour, Mid-Beds. is his constituency. She is twenty this year



Planning a November Wedding

Lady Mabel Fox-Strangways and the Hon. Ivor Guest, engaged last month, are being married on November 22nd at St. Mary Abbot's, with a reception at her parents' famous London home, Holland House. She is the Earl and Countess of Ilchester's younger daughter. He is Lord Wimborne's heir, and M.P. for Brecon and Radnor

Planning a Bahamas Honeymoon

Virginia Parsons and the Hon. David Tennant have decided to include the Bahamas in their honeymoon trip, and were photographed at the Bahamas Development Board's cocktail party. She is Viola Tree's daughter, he is Lord Glenconner's brother

The Mayor and the Duchess at Bath

The Assembly Rooms at Bath were reopened last week by a ball in aid of the Royal National Hospital for Rheumatic Diseases. The Duchess of Kent went over from Longleat, where she was staying with Lord Bath, and thus became the first member of the Royal Family to dance at England's Roman spa since George IV., when Prince of Wales, attended a ball at Bath in 1796. A notable list of attendance included names which the Bath of Chatham would have respected. The originals of some of these, such as Gainsborough, Sheridan, Churchill and Nelson, were represented in an "Eighteenth-Century Interlude." The Mayor of Bath, Captain Adrian Hopkins, was master of the ceremonies. Two moods of his foxtrot with his royal visitor are shown here

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 93

Commander Stephen King-Hall

SECRETLY I have always admired Stephen King-Hall for having the courage to start up his own one-man newspaper. For the *King-Hall News-Letter*, beginning with 600 subscribers, has now reached over 32,000 subscribers living all over the world. And he now employs a staff of 30. What's more, the membership is increasing at such a rate that he is looking for still bigger premises in South Kensington. He is short, side-whiskered, thick-set, the evident descendant of a line of admirals. But, unlike most N.O.s, he is a teetotaller, a legacy from his grandfather, who was persuaded by the late Agnes Weston into becoming a teetotaller and encouraging temperance among his crew. During the greater part of the last war King-Hall served as a lieutenant in the Southampton, flagship of the Second Light Cruiser Squadron, and was present at all the actions in the North Sea. During the latter part of the war he was attached to the 11th Submarine Flotilla at Harwich. After special duties at the Admiralty, two years' service in the Far East, another couple as Intelligence Officer in the Mediterranean Fleet, and two more in H.M.S. Repulse, he had a final twelve months at the Admiralty on special services before retiring to take charge of research work at Chatham House.

ELEVEN months ago he was adopted as prospective National-Labour candidate for Ormskirk, which he confidently expects will send him to Parliament at the next Election, although his tactics are so peculiar. For his meetings are described as merely "informative." He has no chairman nor stewards.

In the meantime, he has given up his regular Children's Hour broadcasts, as he thinks that this would not be fair to the Opposition. He does occasionally talk on the air, however. By the by, it was Stephen King-Hall who described the Jubilee ceremonies, which it is estimated that 160 million listeners heard all over the world. And his fan mail averaged five to six hundred letters a week for months afterwards. K.-H. is certainly a hard worker: *Economics in a Changing World*, *Our Own Times*, *Western Civilisation and the Far East* are among his books. Then, with Ian Hay, he wrote *The Middle Watch* and *The Midshipmaid*. He also wrote *Admirals All*, not to mention a number of fictional works under the name of Etienne. He has a place in Hampshire, where he indulges his passion for rock-gardening. He likes tennis, and always smokes a pipe. His *K.-H. News-Letter* is a matter of 2500 words or so, including the supplement each week. He also writes in the *Sunday Pictorial*. He is married and has three daughters; is a member of the Athenæum Club and doesn't believe in abusing his political opponent.

He claims wisely, or unwisely, that the attacks levelled at him by the *Daily Express* are worth four or five thousand votes. "I am the man whom the *Daily Express* forbids you to send to Parliament," is the twist he gives to Lord Beaverbrook's poor opinion of his political manœuvring. And if asked how he reconciles his capitalistic background with his National-Labour ticket, he replies that it is the only political group in the Government with no past history of party politics. **Charles Graves**

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

FOR saving the lives of 150 people in an express train by running along the track to give warning of a fallen telegraph-pole, the wife of an unemployed labourer in Hertfordshire has been given a cheque for ten guineas by the L.N.E.R., which seems to show, unless our trigonometry is at fault, that that big-hearted old corporation prices its passengers at about one and fourpence each. It 's possible, of course, that the L.N.E.R. may have been just making a big Cyranoesque gesture (" Quelle folie ! . . . Mais quel geste ! "), but we incline doggedly to think that their accountants based Mrs. Milton's douceur on the accepted average value of human livestock carried by the Company ; and by Heaven there are days when we think that ten berries per 150 is about right. A retired beach-artist said a magnificently true thing to an interviewer recently. He said everybody was growing uglier, and he thought this was due to the greed of the age coming out in their features. Viscount Lymington, in his grim new book about our food problem and the forthcoming famine in England, when we shall infallibly be eating rats and grass unless the Government pulls its socks up pretty quickly, also touches incidentally on this point. You 've probably noticed yourselves that the English, whose health and beauty was admired by all in the fifteenth century (there actually was a Merrie England once, and well the economists know it). are now getting extremely ugly, due to living on chemical trash and patent medicines. Their hair and teeth are falling out, their digestions and eyesight are going, their pans are becoming wizened and hideous, their legs bandy, and their general appearance an offence. So perhaps the L.N.E.R.'s one and fourpence is a generous estimate, who knows ?

Only fifty years ago or so you could hear actors on the stage hotly refusing to sell their aged mothers for gold. Unless something is done about British agriculture soon, it is clear that the opportunity of cashing in on mothers has gone for ever.

" . . . You want to be able to drive and *sit with your back to the engine ? . . . "*

Snip

THE high rate of mortality among bookmakers, noted in the recently published official mortality-rates for Great Britain, will hardly surprise racing men. Bookmakers, says the report, succumb very easily to respiratory tuberculosis (due presumably to shouting the odds), cerebral hæmorrhage (due to having to pay out on long shots), and heart-disease (ditto). Theatrical impresarios run bookies close in the heart-disease group, which doesn't surprise us one little bit either. Choosing a West End play, putting it on at considerable expense, and taking it off again at the end of the week is a greater strain on the heart than even romping with the Fitness Girls and lifting them about, chaps in the racket tell us, and in the process of explaining to the backers that the flop is the author's fault, many excitable impresarios fall dead. This occupational risk is well known, and insurance companies demand heavy premiums to cover.

Another not very surprising item of news in the report was the fact that when chaps get rich, they are attacked by an important group of diseases, notably apoplexy, diabetes, gallstones, and nephritis, which shows what a curse wealth is, truly. We 've noted this frequently at big City dinners, which convey a warning like Holbein's " Dance of Death." Those crimson puffy dials, those obviously hardened arteries, the wheezing, the grunts—they tell a plain story, and we often alleviate the bitter tedium of the speechmaking by having mild bets with ourselves as to which wealthy, self-indulgent victim of the Grim Reaper round us will pop off first. Heaven save us, as a modern thinker has said, from great riches, at least from very great riches.

" Yes, but you 'll have to paint that bit again when he wakes up "

Fish

THAT mossy old question : " Should it be Lobster à l'Américaine or à l'Armoricaine ? " is worrying some of Auntie *Times's* little readers again, and, as has happened in all the 51,898,564 times this question has cropped up for debate before, they haven't been able to find any definite answer. Nor can any of the modern cook-books, so why drag it up again ? Rather shrewdly, one of Auntie's boys pointed out that odds are probably on the American version, since the tomato appeared in Brittany centuries after the natives had stopped calling their country Armor and begun calling it Bretagne. As if anybody who really loves fish cares, and wouldn't swop the lobster and the whole over-luscious bag of tricks, cream, mushrooms, and all, for a longshore herring, grilled, fried, or cooked in seawater ! What a fish ! What a flavour ! The citizenry despise him because he is cheap (" no class," as they say in Birmingham), and the Herring Fishery Board are still, so far as we know, having a tough uphill fight to overcome this snobbery. You 'd think only a cretin would reject the delicious and nutritive herring and prefer pink stuff dug out of tins, and you 'd be right (as you sometimes are—we 've noticed it. Yes, yes. Don't apologise).

And the big boys—Quaglino, who gives six ways of treating herring, Boulestin, Prunier, et al.—would agree with you. What a fish! The lobster is a leathery fool compared with him, the salmon a vapid debutante, the trout a simpering pansy, and the cod a section of Great-uncle James's old flannel nightshirt.

Laurel

That part of the Chemin de Ronde des Remparts at Ypres which leads from the Menin Gate to the swimming-bath is to be renamed Avenue Neville Chamberlain: an honour which must provoke thought in a recipient with meditative leanings. For it will occur to him that in some Continental towns there is still an Avenue Wilson, a Place Clemenceau, possibly even a Rue Lloyd-George, thus re-christened in the first flush of post-Versailles exhilaration and now full of irony. We never go down the Rue Président Wilson in Paris without a mild feeling of surprise that the Parisians still endure the name of that frigid suburban pedant. Clemenceau is still a hero to many of the French—Léon Daudet has just published a fiery panegyric—and Mr. Lloyd George is still popular in some places, notably Carnarvon, but the unfortunate Wilson's stock is so low nowadays that you couldn't give it away. Yet there his name stands in a smart Parisian quarter, and may even stand till the next European War.

The modern French mania—that is to say, the mania of the ruling clique—for abolishing quaint and charming old street-names and substituting those of temporarily popular politicians, is an odious thing. To change the Street of the Jumping Cat into the Rue Hippolyte-Narcisse Dupont (1809-1878) never seems anything short of an artistic crime, even if anybody remembered or cared about the said Dupont. What had the late Viviani ever done that his name should supersede that of the historic Quai St. Michel? Roaring this question, the angry Latin Quarter tore Viviani's name down and defeated the Municipality, very properly, but this kind of healthy revolt happens seldom nowadays, and the populace suffers its heroes with stoical dumbness.

Red Light

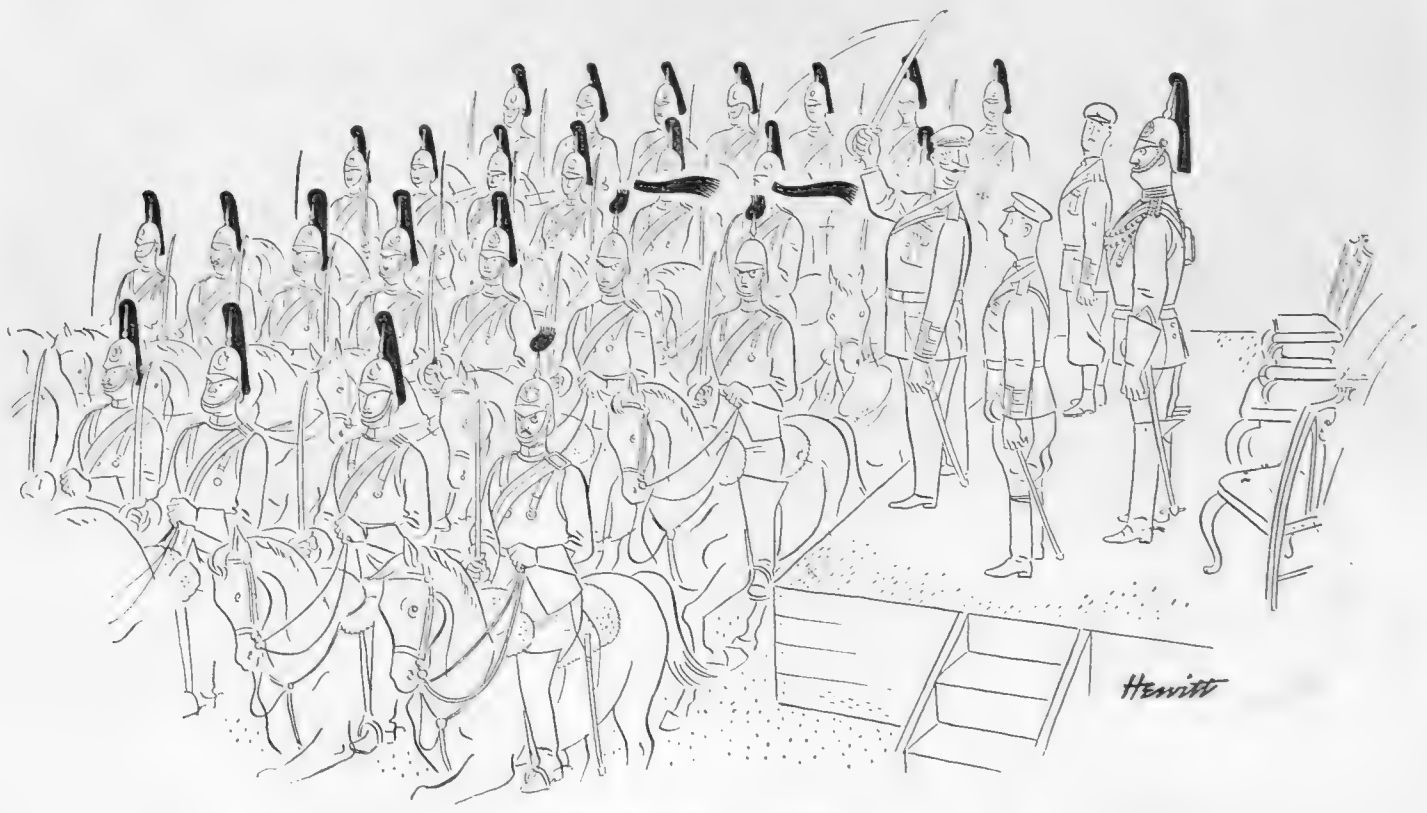
A chap advertising the other day was offering to take "cheery passengers across the Sahara to Timbuctoo on a game-shooting expedition at £150 apiece, and we admired his courage. Few thoughtful people would care to find themselves in the Sahara with a lot of cheery chaps—or perhaps that sinister word "cheery" has not the disturbingly macabre ring in your ears it has in ours? Perhaps it doesn't connote deck-games and artless smoking-room prattle of the kind which soured even that sunny old globetrotter Mr. Philip Jordan in a recent boat full of sahibs from India? The gambols and conversation of the sweet and boyish masters of the world (Santayana) reminded Mr. Jordan of the Lower Fourth. Thus does "cheery" take on grisly meaning, pregnant with warnings to the initiate. A chap who would deliberately invite such a fate as the Sahara expert must have a chest bound with triple brass, we thought; and in our mind's-eye we saw him, worn out with a thousand quips and pranks, desperately packing up one night in mid-desert and leaving the cheery ones in dreamland, gathering from healthful sleep fresh zest for the coming day's frolics. For the only endurable travelling companion, in our experience, is a chap of sardonic, even grim temperament, not averse to an occasional furious row (like the friend we once brained with a bottle of ordinaire in the dreadful pub at Bourg-Madame), an enemy to aimless babble and a lover of song, his remarks being few and salted with disillusion, perception, and certitude.

Monicker

The Registrar-General for Scotland reports that names like Roderick, Dugald, Hamish, and Colin are falling into disuse, and that female Scottish babies are being christened Sheila, Irene, Maureen, Shirley, and June. If you think this doesn't matter, reflect how foolish the poet Burns would have looked if the girls he fell for had been named Bébé, Maudie, Babs, Dinty, Yvette, and Ivy. Such names would have given his amatory verse a very peculiar air indeed, and perhaps he would not have been able to write at all, which might or might not have been a good thing, depending on the way you look at it. Wordsworth had enough difficulty, God knows, with Lucy. He could never put her at the end of a line, the only rhyme being "juicy." Keats and Browning, being nuts respectively on a Fanny and an Elizabeth (Lizzie), played for safety, and left them out altogether. Coleridge had better luck with his blushing Genevieve, pronounced "Jenny-veeve," to whom, he admits in the well-known poem, he sang "an old rude song," a nice thing for a decent British poet to confess in print. On the whole, therefore, it is plain that the poetry boys should exercise great care in falling for women, and choose only those whose names work nicely into verse, otherwise their publishers will certainly raise hell.

To reject old, beautiful, seemly names in favour of frippery and flafla and even worse is a mark of the age, no doubt, but there may be a certain wild music in one or two popular names for children in Bloomsbury just how. Maybe Love will never come the way of a girl called Gollancz or Laski, but from what we see of the kind of sub-human dial Bloomsbury is producing nowadays, it wouldn't, anyway.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Two that time, Appleyard!"

Films of the Day

Sixty Domestic Years

By George Campbell

CONTINUING his explorations in Victorian civilisation, Herbert Wilcox has produced a palimpsest of some interest. He has scraped bare the papyrus of *Victoria the Great,* and on the blank, if hardly virgin, ground has inscribed another tale of Vicky and Albert entitled *Sixty Glorious Years.*

The sequel has most of the virtues and all the faults of its predecessor. It is accurate, dignified and patriotic; it is discursive, slow-moving and, on the whole, a little dull. In a hundred years' time it should be possible to make a dozen brilliant films of the Victorian era—about Victoria and Albert, for instance, and Gladstone and Parnell, the Potato Famine in Ireland and the great migration to the United States, Gordon's campaign in the Sudan and the criminal delay that cost a gallant soldier his life, the gold and diamond rushes in South Africa, and the scheming of as pretty a band of adventurers as ever collaborated in a job of empire-building. But not now. We are too near to see the thing in perspective; and isn't there a law of libel?

MEANWHILE, Mr. Wilcox has done his best, and many people will find it vastly to their liking. Victoria's marking down of Albert for her own, the courageous announcement of her honourable intentions, have a certain romantic appeal as well as an oddly Shavian humour; and her later attempts to shield him from the unpopularity of the mob, and life-long devotion to her clever, good-looking husband, are quite touching. There is drama, too, in his death, and an abandonment to grief carried to such an extent that even *The Times,* if memory serves me, remonstrated strongly on her absorption in private grief to the neglect of public duty.

One could find comic relief, too, in the relationship between her and the Prince of Wales, nagged at like a schoolboy even when he had come to portly middle-age. Wasn't it Mr. Strachey who described how the ageing Prince, longing for a smoke with a royal visitor, had to retire to his bedroom and puff the tell-tale fumes up the chimney?

ALL this and more may give colour and humour and humanity to a film of 2038. But this is 1938, and Mr. Wilcox discreetly has confined himself to data supplied by the *Encyclopædia Britannica.* On the whole it comes out pretty well. There is no passion, no agonising conflict, no loud laughter, in this quiet, gentlemanly production. Shall Albert choose a German friend for secretary or must he have Victoria's Mr. Anson? Would it be immoral for a married pair nearing forty to dance the waltz, conducted by Mr. Strauss? Would it be unseemly, as Wellington suggests, for Victoria to attend a military review on horseback? (After all, Elizabeth did, though Victoria hates the suggestion that she is merely imitating her great predecessor.)

Such are the problems with which the Victoria of the film is concerned; and though later she and Albert do their best to avert war with Russia in the Crimea, and she remonstrates with Gladstone over the delay that cost Gordon his life, these alarms and excursions are not allowed to interrupt for long a narrative mainly domestic. There is hardly a hint of industrial changes, prison reform, the problem of the poor, the abolition of transportation to Australia, the coming of the board school, the advances in medicine, the opening-up of dark continents like Africa and Australia, the linking of continents by steam and telegraph, and the enormous growth of railways and the beginning of the motor-car. It would, indeed, be perfectly easy to make another film of the same sixty years without mentioning a single one of the events enacted here.

Still, that is inevitable when a reign is so long and sees a revolution in a nation's whole mode of thought and life. Mr. Wilcox, concentrating on the private life of Victoria and Albert, has been content to tell a tale of domestic happiness, studded with births (eight, I think), and at last cut short by death, which was the tale of a million other respectable Victorians. In essentials, allowing for a drop in the birth-rate, it is still the tale of millions of British households; and that, I suppose, should ensure its success.

The Queen and her Prime Minister, after Herbert Wilcox

Victoria the Great (Anna Neagle) was never very attached to William Ewart Gladstone, and he did not improve matters by advising against her wish to appear at a review on horseback: an incident mentioned in our critic's notice of "Sixty Glorious Years" (Odeon) on this page

"SIXTY GLORIOUS YEARS" is skilfully put together, and the script, by Miles Malleson and Sir Robert Vansittart, Diplomatic Adviser to the Foreign Office—the Prime Minister took his industrial adviser to Godesberg, because (his critics say) their views coincide—is as historically accurate as you would expect it to be, with more than one passage of highly effective dialogue. John Brown's blunt rebuke to the Queen for going around in clothes whose black is turning green, her protest to Gladstone over the betrayal of Gordon, and the scene in which Balfour, Asquith and Chamberlain sum up the genius and achievement of her age—these are examples of fine writing which linger in one's memory.

The acting ranges from the sound to the positively brilliant. Anton Walbrook's Albert could hardly be bettered by any living actor, so distinguished is the portraiture, so sympathetic the characterisation without a single gesture or note of the voice obviously designed to gain sympathy. Anna Neagle's Victoria will add to her reputation; and amongst a long cast I particularly liked C. Aubrey Smith's Wellington, Gordon McLeod's John Brown, Malcolm Keen's Gladstone, and Henry Hallatt's Joseph Chamberlain.

"Come on—jam! Swing that yam! Oh, sir; yay, mam, it's a wham!"

Dancing the Yam

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers

"A swell, swift, *different* story that zips around a swank country club, with golf and street shooting, all-round sports and bubbling romance splashing through it all!" That's what they'd have you believe of *Carefree*, but when you see it at the New Gallery, you'll find it's all about Fred Astaire as a psychiatrist, psycho-analysing and hypnotising Ginger Rogers because she keeps breaking her engagement to Ralph Bellamy. Naturally, the psychiatrist and his patient sing and dance together, and naturally they fall in love. Irving Berlin has given them the words and music and "the heat-wave called the Yam" is their big new dance. Mark Sandrich directed the film

Margot Fonteyn: Odile in "Le Lac des Cygnes"

June Brae: the Black Queen in "Checkmate"

A Company in a Book

"The Vic-Wells Ballet 1937-8" is a collection of sixty-eight camera-studies by Gordon Anthony, with an introduction by the director of the Vic-Wells Ballet, Ninette de Valois. Gordon Anthony's work is well known to "Bystander" readers, and many of these pictures were taken specially for our ballet series. The publication of the book by George Routledge coincides with the company's return to the enlarged and improved Sadler's Wells for a new season

Robert Helpmann and Mary Honer in "Prometheus"

Harold Turner: the Red Knight in "Checkmate"

Standing at ease *in suits, stockings and shoes of all kinds were a batch of recruits for the Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service at the Duke of York's Headquarters, Chelsea*

Saluting *before dismissal was this company in F.A.N.Y. uniforms. W.A.T.S. dress will be similar, with skirts 14 inches from the ground, stockings of heavy lisle, khaki in colour*

First of 25,000

The W.A.T.S. on Parade

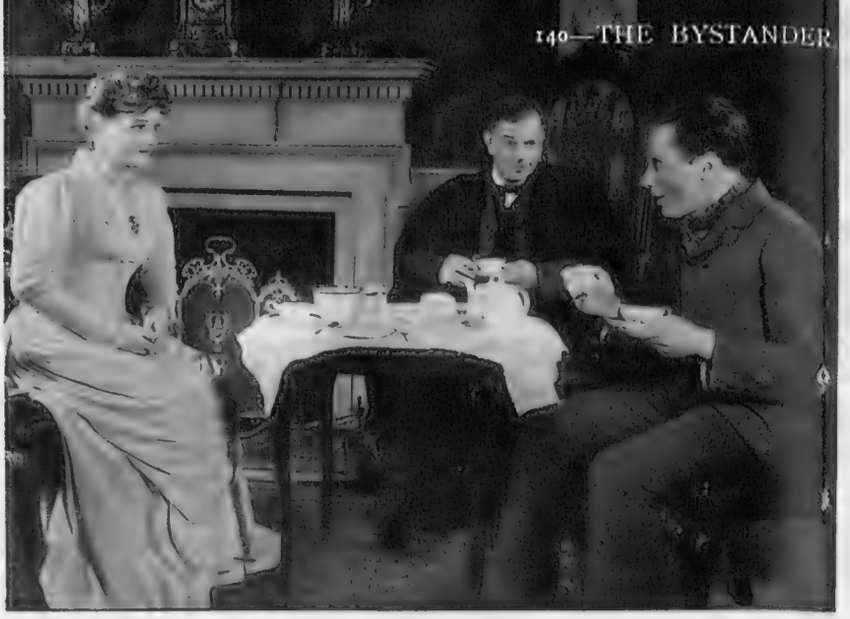
The Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service held their first official parade last week. From these early enthusiasts most of the officers of the newly formed Service will be promoted. Uniforms are alike for officers and rank and file, except that officers have a cloth belt attached at back only, volunteers have belt "built in" to jacket, and wear no collar badges. The colour is "a greeny shade of drab." Officers may provide themselves with greatcoats similar to those of Army officers. The 2000 officers and 23,000 members announced necessary on September 28th must be between 18 and 43. Officers enrol indefinitely, volunteers for four years, and all must do a minimum of 10 drills a year, and attend an 8-15 day camp every other year. The sections for which recruits are taken are motor-transport, clerical, or general

Drill *is taken by Grenadier Guards sergeants, and is ordinary Army drill except that the marching pace is 27 inches instead of the regulation 30 inches. Correct step-out is verified by the sergeant's notched "pace-stick"*

Parade *was in charge of Miss M. Featherstonhaugh, company commander, and was taken by company commanders Miss Vicars and Mrs. Ulick Verney. Members of the rank and file will be known as "Volunteer So-and-So"*

Mrs. Upton: "I don't mind telling you that it would have been better for Brookfield if you had never come at all"

(Mrs. Chips — Constance Cummings; Mrs. Upton, jealous wife of another master—Gillian Lind; Annie—Anne Wilton)



Roberts: "What, don't know the Elephant? Go on, you're kidding! Why our gang was the toughest in the Borough"

(Mrs. Chips—Constance Cummings; Mr. Chips (1891)—Leslie Banks; Roberts, an East End visitor to Brookfield—Tony Halfpenny)

"Good-bye, Mr. Chips"

Mr. Chips has thousands of friends, made through James Hilton's novel and through the broadcast play. But not one of them, however jealous of their imaginary picture, could grudge him to Leslie Banks. He *is* Mr. Chips, from his first class at Brookfield in 1870 to his last tea-party with a new boy in 1938. It is a faultless performance. Nothing could be added to it, nothing taken from it to make it more satisfying or more moving a portrait. James Hilton and Barbara Burnham adapted the novel for the stage, Murray Macdonald produced it, and it is at the Shaftesbury

Katherine is Mr. Chips's wife; he met her over a twisted ankle (his) during a Lakes holiday, and brought her back to Brookfield for a brief four years of happiness. Constance Cummings is, enchantingly, this intelligent, warm-hearted, gentle young woman. No actress in England has a voice in which "darling" sounds more irresistibly caressing than in hers

Mr. Stickleback is one of the many Brookfield c come and go during Chips's long life at th sc Chips has been there ten years. Hubert Harbin, a very real person of the pathetic old man fo

The Headmaster: "We must have punctuality and modern methods. You're too old-fashioned, Mr. Chippings. . . . Have you ever considered retiring?"

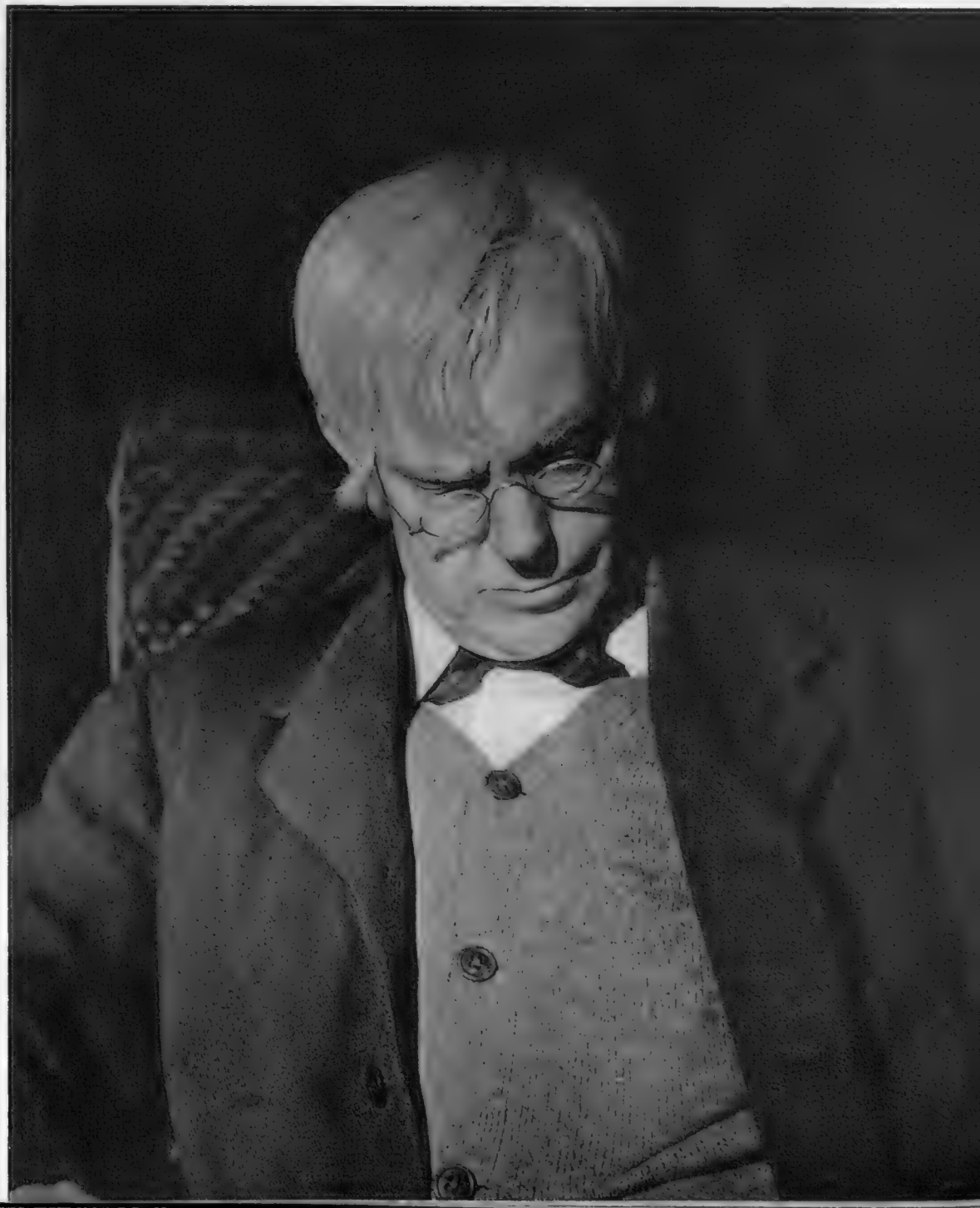
(The Headmaster—Godfrey Kenton; Mr. Chips (1902)—Leslie Banks)

Sir Richard Colley, an Old Boy, now a Governor (Michael Shepley): "Why, dammit, Chips, you can stay here till you're a hundred if you want to. Why, you *are* Brookfield, it wouldn't be Brookfield without you"

Photographs specially taken for the "Bystander" by John Everard

Mr. Chips, aged eighty-nine, looks back at "thousands of faces, all boys, all boys . . ."

characters, boys and masters, that school. He retires in 1878, when , in two brief appearances, makes whom the school has no more use



Lord and Lady David Douglas-Hamilton Were Piped Out of the Cathedral

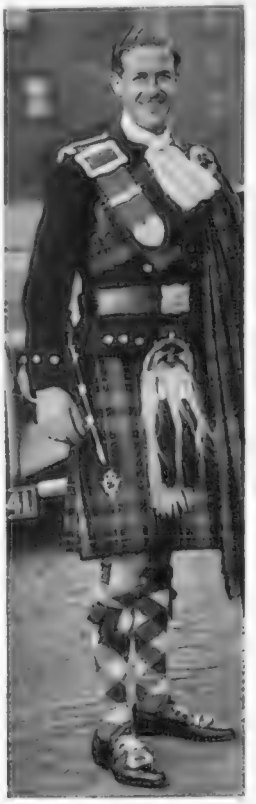
Wedding in Glasgow

Lord David Hamilton and Miss Stack

The Cathedral at Glasgow was chosen by Lord David Douglas-Hamilton and Prunella Stack for their wedding, and ten thousand women of Scotland's industrial capital enthusiastically attended, drawn by the combined attractions of aristocracy and "Health and Beauty." The bridegroom, youngest of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton's four sons, wore full Highland dress; the bride, daughter of the late Captain and Mrs. E. H. Bagot Stack, wore a parchment white dress, a cross and chain of seed pearls which she had from her mother being her only ornament. They were piped out of church by Pipe-Major Ross, who had composed a march for the occasion

Among fifteen hundred guests in the Cathedral were Lady Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton, a Bowes-Lyon before her marriage to the bridegroom's brother, and her nephew, Malcolm Drummond-Hay; and Lady Jean Mackintosh, sister of the bridegroom, and her son Christopher

Lord Nigel Douglas-Hamilton, elder brother of Lord David and himself a bachelor, was best man. He is Deputy-Keeper of Holyroodhouse



James Drummond-Hay of Seggieden, father of Malcolm (far left), and brother-in-law of the bridegroom, was present

Cannons of Hollywood

The Lady Betty Anson

Lady Betty Anson is the second member of the Earl and Countess of Lichfield's family of four, and is twenty-one this year. One of her brothers, Viscount Anson—in the Grenadier Guards—married the Queen's niece, Anne Bowes-Lyon, last April, when she was chief bridesmaid. The other, Edward John, at nineteen, is in the Navy. Her sister, Cecilia Evelyn, is fourteen. They were all brought up to a country life, mostly at Shugborough Hall, in Staffordshire, in which county Lord Lichfield owns 20,000 acres of land. Lady Lichfield was a Keppel before her 1911 marriage to the then Viscount Anson, who is now the fourth Earl

God's Creatures

One or two of them are bound to remind you of someone you know

We hesitate to compare this esophagal view of a hungry tapir with a prima donna seen at Covent Garden last year

We have seen after-dinner mayors not unlike this large white boar at the Frome show

We possess pictures of noble lords on the Lido in just the pose adopted at Regent's Park by the polar bear, right

We know a right honourable gentleman whom Schnozzle, favourite sea-elephant of the Budapest Zoo, honours in resemblance

"Bystander" Short Story No. 162

Little Woman

By Sally Benson

Illustrated by Holland

PENNY LOOMIS liked to look back to the day when Ralph had first seen her. It was the day she had first seen Ralph, too, but she didn't think of that. She remembered only the delighted, incredulous look in Ralph's eyes when he caught sight of her sitting in the large wing-chair in the Matson's living-room. In the short skirts and long waists of ten years ago, she seemed just like a doll. Later in the evening he had told her so. "I can't get over you!" he exclaimed. "You 're so tiny!"

"Oh, I know! And I hate it!" she answered. "It 's dreadful, really! About clothes, I mean. Why, I wear size eleven!"

"You could look taller," Louise Matson said. "Naturally, those flat-heeled shoes make you look awfully little. If you *wanted* to look taller, you could wear high heels."

Penny Loomis surveyed her strapped, patent-leather shoes thoughtfully, and then her eyes rested for a rather long instant on Louise's substantial, size seven brocade slippers. "It 's all very well for you to talk," she replied ruefully. "Your feet are a decent size, not disgraceful little Chinese feet like mine. You have nice *big* feet."

Taking her home that night, Ralph had commented on Louise's attitude. "She was just trying to be catty," he said. "And you were swell about it. You may be little, but you aren't *small*!"

There was nothing to it after that first evening. It was as though Ralph never knew what hit him. There were three months of being engaged, of dancing night after night, attracting attention because Ralph was so tall—over six feet—and she was so tiny. He was enchanted with her daintiness and made jokes about it. "Now where," he would ask, looking over her head and pretending he couldn't see her, "did I put that woman I had with me?"

Everybody would laugh, especially Penny. "Big silly!" she would say. "Take me home!"

Everything she did pleased and amazed him. When, the Christmas before they were married, she presented him with a scarf she had knitted, he was genuinely overwhelmed. "I don't believe it," he said, smoothing it over and over with his hands. "You 're not big enough to hold the needles."

He made so much fuss over the scarf at home that his mother, who had knitted his scarves, sweaters and socks all his life, was inclined to be bitter. "You act as though she 'd knitted that scarf with her feet," she said acidly. "And, by the way, I put those golf-stockings I just finished for you in your bottom bureau drawer."

His enchantment lasted long after they married. It amused him to see her childish, round-toed shoes lying on the floor, to see her diminutive dresses hanging in the closet. Their house was full of company, too, those first months, men mostly, who marvelled with Ralph at the sight of Penny in an apron actually being able to get dinner, carrying platters of food almost bigger than she was.

They had no children, which was a pity, as Penny had fancied the idea of herself surrounded by tall, stalwart sons, but she had Ralph to flutter over and take care of. She made few friends, and was content in their small apartment. Once Ralph asked her why she didn't go out more. "Do you good," he said, "to get out and play bridge or something in the afternoon. Why don't you look up Louise? You and she used to be pretty good friends."

Penny replied scornfully. Women were all right, she supposed. But she hated bridge, really. It was such a silly game.

And she felt so funny going out with Louise, who was so tall. They looked ridiculous walking together.

Ralph had laughed at that. "Say, listen," he said, "I 'm taller than Louise."

"You 're a man," she answered. "Men are supposed to be big."

She looked so little and so pretty that Ralph agreed with her. "Louise is kind of a horse," he said.

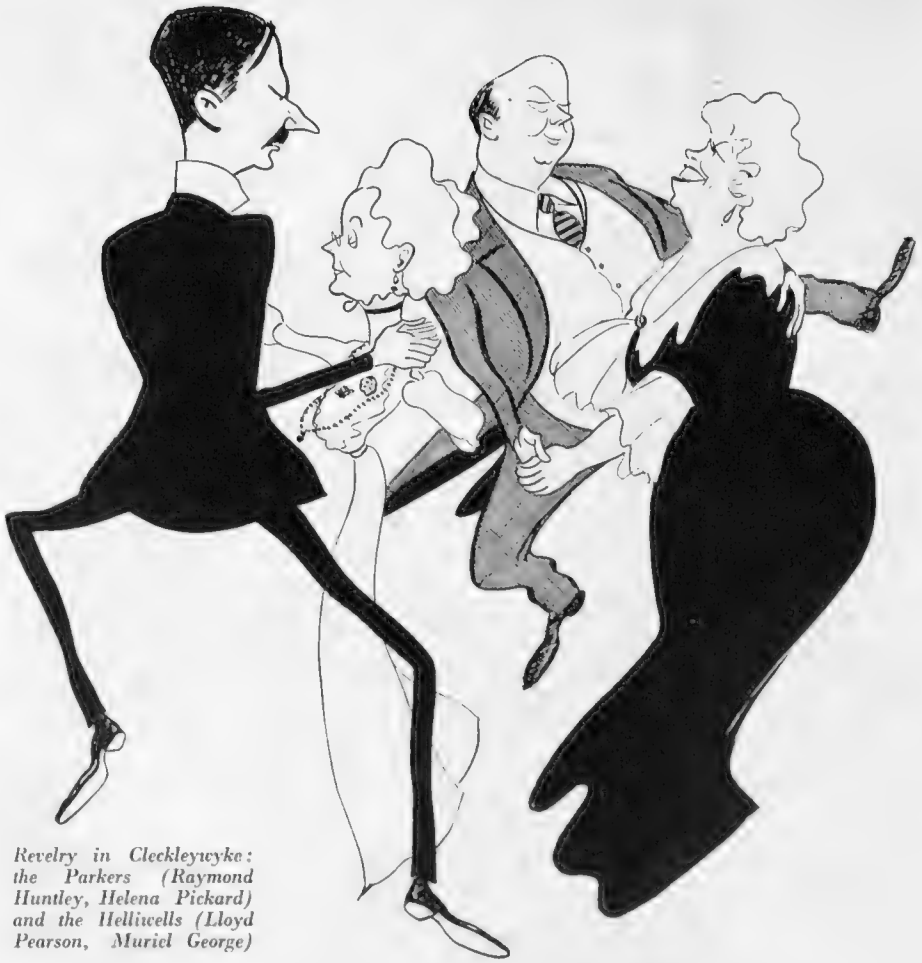
They spent their vacations in Canada, where Ralph liked to fish. And Penny, dressed enchantingly in boy's denim trousers, checked shirt and felt hat, lounged against cushions in the canoe while he paddled, and she would scream a little, hiding her head as he took the fish off the hooks. When they walked, Ralph carried her over the rough spots and took her arm up the hills, so that,

(*Concluded on page* viii)

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"When We Are Married" (St. Martin's)

In a recent article I remarked—and if one cannot quote oneself, whom can one quote?—that in the world of farce nothing succeeds like duplication. Mr. J. B. Priestley's new play illustrates the point, although in this particular case for duplication read triplication. The curtain rises on the sitting-room of a house in the West Riding of Yorkshire inhabited by Alderman Joseph Helliwell and his Maria some thirty years ago. These two local respectabilities are celebrating their silver wedding, with photographers and pressmen in attendance, when it is rudely discovered that the minister who married them was a fraud and that they have been living in what even legitimate babies are said to be born in—i.e., sin. This seems like a promising start for a comedy, but since, in the same room of the same house on the same day, Councillor Albert Parker and his Annie are also celebrating their silver wedding, farce puts in a strong claim to the theme. Which strong claim no critic could resist on learning that yet a third silver wedding is being celebrated by yet a third couple, Mr. Herbert Soppitt and his Clara. For is not this triplication enough to make even their highly provincial neighbours, who might possibly have been shocked, merely burst into good, round, North Country laughter?

Revelry in Cleckleywyke: the Parkers (Raymond Huntley, Helena Pickard) and the Helliwells (Lloyd Pearson, Muriel George)

The discomfiture of the respectabilities becomes all the more ridiculous when it is remembered that they have been pursing their lips over the goings-on of the younger generation. Nevertheless, the Edwardian period trappings, charmingly assembled by Mr. Gower Parks, and the Yorkshire turn of speech, authentically presented by Mr. Priestley, are hardly enough to disguise, once a fresh and entertaining first act is over, the lack of material wherewith to develop surprising situations. After the shock of discovery, we behold the reaction. Disgrace brings a vision of freedom in its train. The wife who has been downtrodden, the husband who has been henpecked, since they need no longer submit, now round on their conjugal oppressors and give them what-for. And Mr. Ernest Butcher, giving at last as good as he has so long got, receives round after round of applause from an audience which is apparently unfamiliar with that rather hoary comedy figure, the worm that turns.

Sketches by Rouson

A camera artist, Henry Ormonroyd (Frank Pettingell)

A worm turning! The Soppitts (Ethel Coleridge and Ernest Butcher)

Of course, in the end it is discovered that the marriages were legal, after all. The curtain descends on the photographer, richly played by Mr. Frank Pettingell, commemorating the occasion. We leave the theatre with an amiable feeling that, if we have seen a good many better farces, we have seen a great many worse, and that if Mr. Priestley is not the only man who could have written this one, Mr. Priestley is the man who did. We have seen his latest.

We have also seen a delicious little character sketch of a slut by Miss Patricia Hayes, who is worthy to inhabit the same kitchen with Miss Kathleen Harrison. And that, surely, is as good a stage reference as any stage servant could want.

Three Men of the Theatre

Dr. Merton Hodge

Merton Hodge, christened Horace Emerton Hodge, is a New Zealander by birth and education. He got his medical degrees out there and first came to Britain to take a post-graduate course at Edinburgh, subsequently passing via the R.A.M.C. to two London hospitals. His first play was produced at the Arts when he was twenty-eight; he re-wrote it, re-titled it "The Wind and the Rain," and it ran for over two years in the West End. Hodge thus brought to life every young playwright's dream: fame overnight. (The play is now running in Paris: "La Vent et la Pluie.") Since then have appeared "Grief Goes Over," not so successful; and "The Island," successful, from which Godfrey Tearle went to Morgan's not unsimilar "The Flashing Stream" two months ago. Hodge also adapted "Men in White" for Gilbert Miller

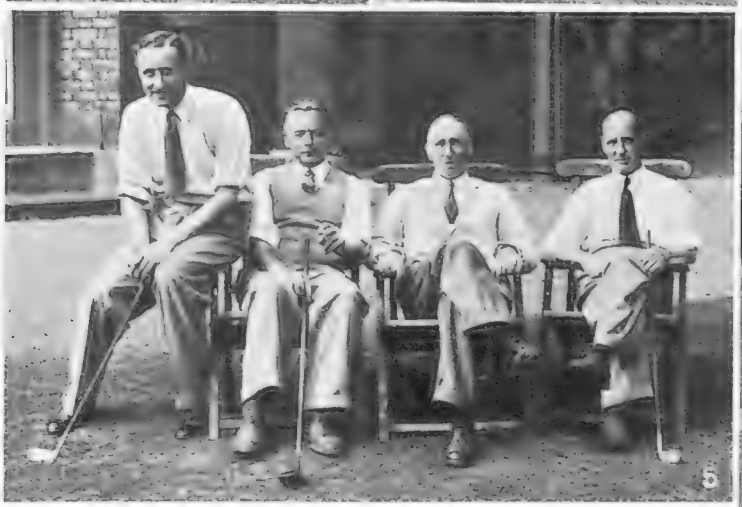
Donald Wolfit is one of the newest actor-managers. Last year he launched his own company on a provincial Shakespeare tour which proved so successful that he repeats it this year, starting three weeks ago with a fortnight's season at the People's Palace, Mile End Road. Wolfit's reputation in old and new classics has largely been made at Stratford, Malvern and, in London, at the Arts and the Westminster: at Stratford his Hamlet and Macbeth are as notable as his Touchstone and Autolycus; at Malvern this year he played in Shaw's "Geneva" and Dunsany's "Alexander"; at the Westminster this spring he played the name-part in Jonson's "Volpone." One of Wolfit's recreations is playwriting. His second wife presented him with a son three weeks ago

Rodney Ackland is a name that has become increasingly persistent in the theatre news. It first appeared there in 1929, when its bearer was twenty-one and his "Improper People" was produced at the Arts Theatre. He had already five years' experience of acting, having first appeared when sixteen at the Gate Theatre studio. Now Ackland has seven plays to his credit, of which "Strange Orchestra" and "After October" (last year) are best known; and next Sunday "Remembrance of Things Past" will be produced at the Globe by the London International Theatre Club. Ackland has also adapted "Ballerina" and "The Old Ladies" from those novels, and his latest adaptation from the Russian of Bulgakov, "The White Guard," opened successfully at the Phœnix a fortnight ago. His spiritual master is Tchekhov

Photographs by Anthony

Mr. Donald Wolfit

Mr. Rodney Ackland



Golf Clubs at Home

Pinner Hill, Middlesex

The Pinner Hill Golf Club lies within easy reach of London—forty minutes by car from Marble Arch—yet it is completely countrified. Eighteen testing and picturesque holes make up a fine round of the park type. Not the least attraction is the noble club-house, once a manor, with its card rooms, billiard rooms, and dance hall. The total length is 6542 yards

(1) J. H. Castell (captain). (2) L. Craven. (3) James Abernethy (ex-captain). (4) A. C. Reid (committee). (5) D. W. Coombes, W. L. Clarke (committee), J. Mead (secretary) and W. J. Bunt (committee). (6) D. M. McLennan (committee). (7) D. R. Fraser (committee). (8) M. E. McMeekin and W. J. Robertson. (9) J. B. Batley (professional) and Frank E. Griggs

The Club-house

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Worplesdon Final

Mrs. M. Garon and Edward F. Storey won the Worplesdon Open Scratch Mixed Foursome tournament by defeating Miss Wanda Morgan and Kenneth A. S. Morrice in the final, by six holes up and five holes to play.

All the players taking part in the final were experienced golfers, to whom playing in a final was no new sensation.

There were some interesting holes, and many fine shots in the final, but it cannot be called an interesting match, because the winners were clearly the better foursome combination, and never really looked to be in danger, not even when they had lost their lead and were all square on the twenty-second tee.

Do not think that I am tipping the winner after the race. When the fourth hole was being played in the morning, with the match standing all square, I asked a lady ex-champion if she would like to know who was going to win. She replied that she would, so I told her, but she said that I was entirely wrong. She told me that Miss Morgan was a better golfer than Mrs. Garon, that Mrs. Garon would be tired after lunch, and that, although Storey was a better golfer than Morrice, he was not a sufficiently superior player to win the match for his side. Actually it was Miss Morgan who appeared tired after lunch, and she was clearly, on the day, the least good player of the four.

Miss Morgan was also in the unenviable position of playing with three golfers all of whom are very much better than good putters. Do not imagine for a moment that Miss Morgan is a bad putter. You cannot be a bad putter and win championships of importance; she won the Ladies' Amateur Championship, which was played at Newcastle, County Down, in 1935, and also the English Ladies' Championship in 1931, 1936, and 1937.

In this match, it was the excellence of the putting of the other three which actually made Miss Morgan appear a not very good putter, and it was the superiority of the winners on the greens which was largely responsible for their easy victory.

In the thirty-one holes which were played, the winners got down in one putt on five occasions, and never once took three putts on a green, while the losers only got down in one putt twice, and took three shots on a green on three occasions.

These shots alone, played on the greens, which I have mentioned, were responsible for a lead of six holes, and Storey's side won by six and five.

Nothing is so likely to make you miss a putt as missing a putt. On the eleventh green in the morning, Miss Morgan missed a putt of about two yards; on the twelfth she missed one of about three yards; and then one of about one yard on the thirteenth green. This last was a great blow to her side, as Storey, after bunkering his tee shot, got down in one putt to win a hole which appeared lost after the tee shots. I do not think that it is unreasonable to suppose that if the first of these putts had been holed, the others would have been also. It is not easy to hole putts of three, two, or even one yard, but they apparently have no terror for Mrs. Garon, who, I feel sure, would have holed at least two of these putts if she had been called upon to putt them.

Except for missing a putt of about two yards on the seventeenth green, Mrs. Garon putted perfectly, and holed long putts on the sixth, ninth and thirty-first greens, and most important ones of awkward lengths on the fifteenth and twenty-sixth greens.

The putt on the twenty-sixth green was of extreme importance. At this hole, Storey, standing two up, put his second shot just over three yards from the pin; thus Miss Morgan had a beast of a shot to follow. However, she played it perfectly, and the ball finished just over two yards from the pin (a really great shot under the circumstances). Mrs. Garon holed, and then Morrice missed, to make his side three down, when he must have had great hopes of being only one down. With the exception of this putt by Morrice, and a bad putt by Storey on the eighteenth green, both men were as sound as a bell on the greens, both in the morning and the afternoon.

The ladies played less destructive shots than the men, but it was the latter who were responsible for most of the attacking or telling shots. Miss Morgan sliced her tee shot to a dreadful place at the fifth, and Mrs. Garon bunkered hers at the twelfth; otherwise the driving of the two ladies was as good as any foursome partner can desire or has any reason to expect; they also found the green at all the one-shot holes. Storey's only faults from the tees were failing to find the green at the one-shot thirteenth and twenty-fifth holes, and a shot just into the trees at the ninth. Morrice failed also to find the green at two one-shot holes—namely, the twenty-second and twenty-eighth—and sliced from the twelfth and twenty-fourth tees. With these exceptions, no fault could be found with the tee shots of the men. After winning two consecutive holes, Morrice's tee-shot to the twenty-second hole, which was woefully short, must have had a big bearing on the final result of the match.

When, after being down, you square the match, it is essential, if the next hole is a one-shot one, to put your tee shot somewhere on the green. If you do, the other man may not; but if you do not, the other man most certainly will.

There was little doubt in this final that the winners carried a gun or two too many for their opponents. It should be remembered that Storey was the leading amateur in the Open Championship at Royal St. George's this year.

The men members of the Timberley Golf Club, who disapprove of ladies wearing the trousers on the golf course, whatever they may do at home, will no doubt be gratified to know that the lady players in this match considered the final a suitable occasion to discard their trousers and to play as women used to. That they looked more elegant no one can deny.

Moor Park Foursomes in Aid of the Mount Vernon Hospital

Mrs. A. C. Critchley and L. G. Crawley won the scratch challenge cups in the 36-holes foursomes with 79 + 72 = 151

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew McNair came over from Sunningdale to compete in the eighth annual meeting held in aid of the Mount Vernon Hospital

Miss Collins and G. Illingworth, of Brookman's Park, and Miss D. Dixon and Major P. C. Burton, of Porter's Park, played their foursome together at Moor Park, but did not figure in the prize lists

Boat Race Practice at Cambridge

Cambridge, unlike Oxford, having put off the start of term in view of the crisis, is now back to normal, apart from a few sacrilegious trenches in college lawns. Trial eights are out on the Cam: here Alan Burroughs, president of the C.U.B.C., talks to "B" crew during an easy at the "Pike and Eel"

Steeplechasing at Wincanton

Sir Francis Towle's Airgead Sios won the Lattiford Steeplechase at the Wincanton meeting, coming over the last fence well in the lead, as you see here

Howard Marshall on Sport

RUGBY football grows apace. During the summer resplendent new tea-houses have sprung up behind the west stand at Twickenham, which becomes every year more efficient, more commodious and, by inference, more anxious to cope with more enormous crowds of spectators.

I sometimes wonder what the heroes of olden days would think if we could dump them down at Twickenham now, whiskers and all. They would, I fancy, shudder slightly and avert their eyes from the huge stands. They would gape at the dressing-room accommodation and marvel at the serried ranks of vehicles in the great car parks. Certainly they would be amazed to realise that all this magnificence had developed out of their own modest game, played in their days on obscure grounds in conditions of agreeably barbaric simplicity.

I doubt, in short, whether they would appreciate Twickenham; and I can remember myself, rather wistfully, the period before double-decker stands.

Still, we mustn't retard progress, provided we are sure that progress is not, in fact, retrogression. And the odd thing is that, while all the trappings of the game advance, Rugby football itself remains in a state of legislative chaos.

TAKE one small point—you must bear with me, for I have mentioned it before, but a new factor has arisen to emphasise its absurdity. I refer to the scrummage laws. Only the other day the authorities, in secret conclave, watched a slow-motion film in which H. B. Toft, the English hooker, endeavoured to conform to the requirements of the law as it now stands.

The ball was put in at moderate speed by a scrum-half who stood not less than three feet from the scrummage; and it duly bounced beyond one foot of the nearest player in each front row. So far, so good. But unfortunately Toft, with all his skill and experience, was unable to swing his hooking foot before the ball had passed him.

The scrummage law, in fact, is unworkable; and every time a hooker secures the ball he must have transgressed Sub-Section J, which says that he may not raise or advance his foot until the ball is fairly in. It thus follows that if referees applied the laws strictly, they would award a penalty kick every time the ball is hooked.

The only new thing about this sad fact is that at last we have ocular proof of it. We have known that it was so ever since the law was first promulgated; and the attempts of referees and players to find a working basis of interpretation have caused indescribable chaos. Now, surely, the farce must be at an end. The International Board can delay no longer. They must revise the scrummage laws and make them positive and plain.

I cannot believe that their task is really difficult. They have only to restrict hooking to the far foot of the middle man and leave the rest to the good sense of players and referees.

Perhaps this film will force them into action. Everyone connected with the game must hope so profoundly.

HERE is another point. No organisation exists in Rugby football to supply referees for second-class games in the metropolitan area. The result is that small clubs and junior teams of big clubs have to struggle on as best they may under hastily co-opted referees, who, as often as not, know less about the rules than the players.

This is a matter which should be taken up at once. It is possible that the metropolitan counties could form Referees' Associations. But, at any rate, it should not be difficult to solve this urgent problem.

Bethnal Green Beats Rumania

Arthur Danahar, here making a two-handed attack on his unfortunate opponent, beat the lightweight Champion of Rumania, Georges Covaci, at the N.S.C. last week, the referee stopping the fight in the third round, because the Rumanian was bleeding from a gash over the eye. Danahar is the young Bethnal Green boxer who hopes to go into Parliament

A Triumph

A packed East court at victory in the British appointed in the legendary 6—0, 4—6, 6—4, 6—2 in win in this event; forty

Oxford Lost to Stoke Poges

J. C. Laurie (Brasenose), the Oxford captain, and T. C. Harvey (Balliol), lost by 4 and 3 to E. M. Prain and A. B. Cave in the foursomes. The Oxford pair both lost their singles 2 and 1. The total result was a Stoke Poges win by twelve matches to six

A Good Day for Henry Longhurst

The XIX. Club held its annual meeting at Ashridge last week, and it proved to be a good day for Henry Longhurst (right). He won the scratch prize, with 75+72=147, and the net 36-holes cup. The others are (l. to r.) H. C. S. Offer, R. Baerlein, who won the "Smith Clock," and Alan Garrow

Now what about to-day's Cesarewitch? By the time you read this, I suppose Black Speck will still be favourite, with Dubonnet very much in the running.

This is not really my kettle of fish, though I have heard the pundits doubt whether Black Speck will stay the course; and, on the score of staying, I wonder whether Contravent, may not be well worth watching.

SWITCHING for a moment to boxing, I am glad Maurice Strickland had a fight on Monday. He was getting very tired of kicking his heels in this country waiting for something to turn up; and there must be little likelihood that his match with Larry Gains for the Empire title will materialise.

This is hardly surprising, for the Empire title means very little to the public, and I should have thought that Strickland might very usefully test out some of our promising heavy-weights.

A fight between Strickland and young George James, of Wales, for example, has attractive possibilities, especially after James's form against Paul Wallner, of Germany, last week. James looked very businesslike against Wallner, and his steady and methodical progress is impressive. It may be that to match him with Strickland, a very strong and experienced fighter, would be flying rather high, though I doubt whether James would say so himself.

OUTSTANDING sporting events in this country are rather scarce just now, despite the fact that to-day England meet the Rest of Europe at Highbury—and this should be a match worth watching.

Actually, I find it pleasanter to reflect that last Friday the M.C.C. team which is to tour South Africa set out on its journey.

There are five Test Matches scheduled and the first of them begins on December 24th, which is an odd thought to those of us who, by then, will regard cricket as a dim memory.

This M.C.C. team is a strong one, with Hammond captaining it, and such likely youngsters as H. T. Bartlett, N. W. D. Yardley and P. A. Gibb out to gain experience of representative cricket. Edrich is there, too, and we all hope that he will prove what a really good cricketer he is, despite his misfortunes against Australia last summer.

Last week under a picture of A. Hamburger and W. H. Earl on the sport page we stated incorrectly that the former beat the latter in the covered court championships at Queen's. Earle beat Hamburger 6—1, 6—2, 6—1.

for Age

Queen's ready to acclaim Borotra on his covered court championships was not dis- Frenchman when he beat D. W. Butler (right) the final there. It is Borotra's ninth years old, he rarely missed a kill

A Tennis Engagement

Dick Ritchie, only son of M. R. J. Ritchie ("the grand old man of the tennis courts"), is to marry, on December 5th, Miss Joan Bennett-Levy, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Leonard Levy, of St. John's Wood, N.W.8

Harlequins Beat Cambridge

R. B. Bruce-Lockhart, Cambridge, eludes a Harlequin to make one of his many openings in the Twickenham match which, nevertheless, the university lost by a dropped goal, three penalty goals and try (16) to three goals (15)

Art in the Little Season

Mrs. Ala Story and Three Visitors to Her New Gallery

In Mrs. Ala Story's new Stafford Gallery off St. James's Street, Count di Celleri is holding an exhibition (see below). With Mrs. Story here are Miss Lorna Harmsworth, Mr. Charles Harding, and Countess Pallastrelli di Celleri, the artist's wife. Mrs. Story is the attractive Viennese who has already had a hand in running the Storran Gallery, and the Redfern Gallery with Lord Alington

Colin Wyatt and the "Bill" Brackens

Colin Wyatt's exhibition at the Palser Gallery, King Street, consists chiefly of paintings made during a 300-mile tour, mostly on skis, of Lapland. He is himself a ski-ing and ski-jumping ace, hence the pictures shown here, and the presence of Mr. and Mrs. "Bill" Bracken. "Bill" Bracken is a crack ski-runner and teacher

One Chamberlain

Jessica Stonor's portrait in bas-relief of the Prime Minister is one of the exhibits in her show at the Beaux Arts Gallery. She is Sir Harry Stonor's niece

Another Chamberlain

E. H. Palmer first began clay modelling about two years ago. This head of Mr. Chamberlain is his latest work. He is unemployed, lives near the Angel, Islington

Count Umberto Pallastrelli di Celleri Explains His Art

Signor Guido Crolla (left), Counsellor at the Italian Embassy, opened the di Celleri exhibition in place of Count Grandi, who had to be in Italy for a Fascist Grand Council meeting. The artist's portrait of the Italian Ambassador (right) usually hangs in the Embassy. Listening to Count di Celleri's exposition is Lady Chamberlain and her daughter, Mrs. Terence Maxwell. This is his second one-man show in London. Sitters include the Duchess of Westminster, and his own fair-haired attractive wife (see above)

Robin Guthrie and His War Minister

Robin Guthrie's exhibition of portraits was opened at the Fine Art Society by Sir Robert Vansittart; it included, as well as portraits of Sir John Simon, Lord Hailsham and Lord Nuffield, one of the Government's Chief Diplomatic Adviser himself. Mr. Hore-Belisha is portrayed as a wistful pierrot in a green shirt

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October Racing

Mother and daughter *racing together at the Sandown meeting last week were Baroness Beaumont and her eldest daughter, the Hon. Mariegold Fitzalan-Howard, who is nineteen this year. She is the third of a family of four brothers and four sisters*

Soft Drinks *suited an October day that would have done no discredit to any month. Drinking them were Mr. T. Egerton, Lady Irene Haig and the Marquess of Hartington. Lady Irene Haig is Earl Haig's nineteen-year-old youngest sister. Lord Hartington, two years older, is the Duke of Devonshire's heir. His young brother, Lord Andrew Cavendish, was also at Sandown that day*

Home from Palestine *is Miss Geraldine FitzGerald who went out to visit her brother William J. FitzGerald, the Attorney-General there, this summer, but had to come back when the unrest grew more serious*

Cap and coat *of golden seal were Mrs. Morley Kennerley's contribution to Sandown fashions. She is with Mr. David Livingstone-Learmonth, a racing expert, and hunting correspondent of the "Sporting and Dramatic." Her husband is the American publisher*

Sisters *at Sandown were the Hon. Mrs. D'Arcy Lambton and the Hon. Mrs. Cecil Lomax, fair-haired younger daughters of Viscount and Viscountess Hampden. They are first cousins through their mother of Lady Sybil Phipps and Lord George Scott*

West Country regular *is Lady Sybil Phipps who lives at Westbury, in Wiltshire, and here was at the Wincanton meeting. A day or two later she was dancing at the reopening ball at the Bath Assembly Rooms*

Engaged *are Lord George Scott and Miss Molly Bishop. They were also at Wincanton. He is the Duke of Buccleuch's youngest brother, and Lady Sybil Phipps is his sister. Molly Bishop is nearly West Country herself: her parents, Colonel and Mrs. Bishop, live near Andover, on the edge of the Plain*

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"The Serf"

A New English Opera at Covent Garden

***The conductor** of "The Serf" is Albert Coates, who brought to the new score his experienced judgment and authoritative musicianship*

Photographs by Anthony

***Outlawed rebel** against the Norman overlords is Dennis Noble, whose fine voice and dramatic artistry make him outstanding in all his parts*

A new full-length opera by an Englishman is something of an event at Covent Garden. George Lloyd's *The Serf* was very well received at its first performance last Thursday, critics agreeing that the twenty-five-year-old composer has something to say, and the power, imagination and understanding of music-drama to say it in opera form. The libretto of *The Serf* is by his father, William Lloyd. With Albert Coates conducting, a fine cast of English singers, production by Vladimir Rosing, and scenery by Hamish Wilson, the work is very well presented. It is being given for the second time on Friday

***Composer** George Lloyd is a twenty-five-year-old Cornishman. This is his second opera to be presented in London. The first was "Iernin"*

***Hero and heroine** are the Saxons Cerdic and Sigrid, appropriately cast, both for voice and looks, as Henry Wendon and Ruth Naylor.*

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

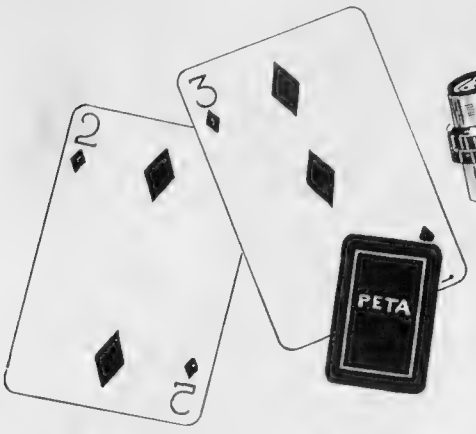
Scott Bushe

Fur fabric is now firmly established, and is regarded by many designers as a thoroughly sound proposition. The difficulties of making it hang like real fur have been overcome by Lister and Company, who have perfected fur fabrics to such an extent that they are able to produce them with, not only perfect markings, but a skin-like back. This back is not separate, but during the process of manufacture becomes an integral part of the fabric. The "Mokkaskin" coat above is a striking example of fur fabric worked to look like ermine. It comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, and may be seen in the coat department on the ground floor. Cut on straight and slender lines, it has square shoulders and is trimmed with bands of sable dyed squirrel. The lining is in velvet, which makes it extra warm. "Mokkaskin" is also very effective combined with cloth. A black wool coat, for example, can be made with a bolero and sleeves of fur fabric worked to look like broadtail. Among the "Mokkaskin" coats which this firm is showing is a delightful hip-length model for eight guineas. It has a jaunty swing and is worked to look like American broadtail

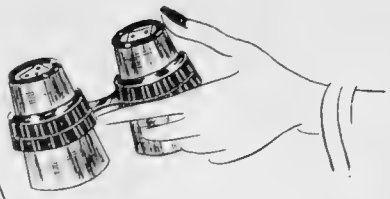
Scott Bushe

Powder and Paint

The whole art of make-up lies in skilful colour blending, and in order to enable women to achieve this, Elizabeth Arden, 25, Old Bond Street, has prepared a special Colour Harmony Chart, setting out the correct make-up for every shade. Her new colour this season is Peony, a rich deep red which blends perfectly with dark and sapphire blue, purple and blue green. A few of the essential cosmetics such as lipstick, rouge, "eye sha-do" and nail varnish are depicted on the painter's palette above. The girl sitting for her portrait has chosen a cyclamen make-up to go with her lovely picture frock in pink and silver brocade with a tulip design. This is cut with a full spreading skirt and may be seen at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. Since so many of the fashions this season combine as many as four different shades, Elizabeth Arden suggests that you either match your make-up to the predominating tone, or if that is not possible, harmonise it carefully. Blue, green, yellow, orange or the many shades of brown demand a sharply contrasting make-up, whereas black and white, and in the evening gold and silver, call for something really daring



A game of cards is an excellent way of passing the time, and these giant cards from Dunhill's are ideal for use on board ship when the sea is rough, or on a long train journey. Being extra heavy they will not blow about or slide off the table. The smaller card sketched is regulation size and can be inscribed with the owner's monogram or Christian name

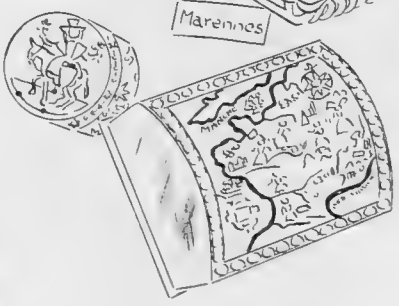


Hardened gamblers will appreciate this automatic dice shaker, as the dice can never fall out but will always be ready for a game. It is made in the shape of opera glasses and costs 4s. 6d. at Dunhill's, 30, Duke Street, Piccadilly

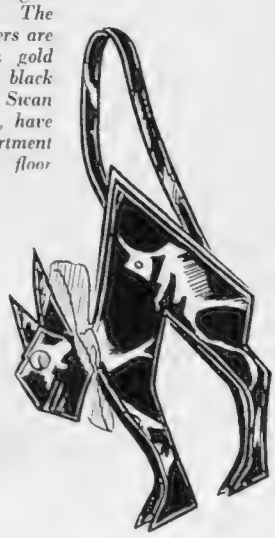
The Bystander Twins in search of novelties

This expensive-looking sherry set only costs half a guinea and would make a delightful wedding present. The decanter and six tumblers are in frosted glass with gold decoration, while the black tray is also in glass. Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, have it in their gift department on the lower ground floor

If you are not already a gourmet you will soon become one after a visit to La France Gourmande, the new chocolate shop, 110, Jermyn Street. They specialise exclusively in French products from different provinces and have an extensive choice of delicious sweets. Baskets containing chocolate oysters with different flavourings are obtainable from 5s. 6d.



This attractive box painted in gay colours with a map of France can be filled to order with chocolates or sweets from La France Gourmande. There are thirty different varieties, including strawberries from Metz and nougat from Montelimar. The box filled costs 19s. 6d., while a small sample box like the little one sketched is 2s.



Even if you don't possess a black cat to bring you luck, you can at least carry this handbag in American cloth. It only costs 4s. 6d. and comes from the gift department at Swan and Edgar, where they also have dog bags

Black notepaper is not as one might imagine a sign of mourning, but on the contrary is regarded as essentially frivolous and "outré." Dunhill's are selling it in boxes of fifty sheets with envelopes to match and a silver pencil, all for 5s. 6d.

Give your gambling friends this silver-plated cigarette lighter containing three coloured dice in a glass frame. It costs 55s. at Dunhill's, and we hope will bring good luck to all players. Incidentally, Dunhill's are full of suggestions for Christmas, so remember to shop early and make them your first call

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Arcadia and the Nazis

By V. S. Pritchett

OUR contemporary sentiment towards Arcadias brings distressingly to mind the cult of virginity in the sixteenth century; it is a cult of scarcity. The very surprise and rarity of Arcadias invites us to destroy them, as the men of that century murdered the bird-like Indians of the Caribbean in the name of God, and as their successors poisoned the earthly paradises of Tahiti and the Pacific Islands. As one reads of a corner of the earth like the Shan States, which lie north of Burma and east of Mandalay, the heart sinks, as it does at the sound of the typewriter in Bali, and one hears again that cynical old song of the Boulevard St. Michel: "Ton honneur sera perdue, Comme les autres." For the Shan States are at the height of their moment; in a few years we shall have removed all the silver from their mines, in less the lorries will be coming over the military roads from China, so that we may recoup in Rangoon what we have lost on the Yangtse; and if the Lords of the Sunset—for so the Shan princes are called—get their share of the profits from the traffic and the new plantations which supply Tung oil, the pleasantest thought one can have will be that the financial habits of the City of London have changed or that the Colonial Office has improved them. "I speak little of policy," says Mr. Maurice Collis in *Lords of the Sunset* (Faber; 15*s*.), introducing this Arcadia and the politics that threaten both to save and ruin it. "But a kind of behaviour is described which embodies what I conceive to be good policy. Right behaviour may be sufficient to solve all the problems within our Empire."

As one goes to France to drink wine, so the seeker of rarer pleasures goes to the Shan States to see Princesses and good manners. Frank, educated and witty in a language which lends itself to the innuendo and repartee of polite comedy, the wives of the Shan Sawbwas tantalise the English residents who are anyway enchanted by the country. The Sawbwas themselves are not outdone: "I must apologise for not having called on you when I was in London for the coronation," said the Sawbwa of Hsipaw to Mr. Collis. He has the grave temper, the careful eye and ear, the cool and concerned style which a people and a scene of such refinements demand from the traveller. Mr. Collis has a pleasing, personal awareness that he, too, was a curiosity in that country. And there is a balance in his picture. On the one side are the princesses in the bamboo-strewn halls of their Grimm's fairy-tale palaces, reading English books, playing cards and at whose banquets of many courses the best champagne is drunk; on the other are the English with names more prosaic than Gliding Foam, Laughing Water and Magic Mirror, but so enamoured of the country that many retire there, only to find that even in Arcadia the thought of Cheltenham wrings the heart and that Mr. Somerset Maugham was right. To these martyrs of the Pax Britannica, the comic effigy which the Shan people erected in honour of a long dead Victorian civil servant, Mr. Greer, is a kindly intentioned monument.

IT is often said by Hitler that the good things we value exist by the sanction of force—a good example of Nazi romanticism with its love of the primitive and its colour blindness to equally fundamental necessities of civilisation. That in between force and the things we value is the complex structure of law and custom and all that has been built by man, despite the soldiers, since the Roman Empire, is unobserved by the Nazi mind. So sweepingly drastic, yet so fatally rigid, this is the same spirit which lost the Germans the last war. There are some interesting quotations about the colonies, for example, from those blatant pre-war Germans in Mr. Lloyd George's *The Truth About the Peace Treaties* (Vol. I.) (Gollancz; 18*s*.). All these writers projected a Mittel Africa that would strategically paralyse the trade routes of the British Empire. The basic intent of German colonisation (as the South Africans had good cause to know) was military. Like the old and ill-fated sixteenth-century totalitarians of Spain, they think still of world conquest in the name of a myth—the immaculate Nordic exchanged for the immaculate conception. But for this frank German objective of aggression, as Mr. Lloyd George's narrative shows, there would have been no strong movement in England for the retention of the colonies. Events in Spain and the multitude of Nazi documents on the subject show that the Nazis still regard the world in terms of strategy.

There is not space in which to summarise or criticise Mr. Lloyd George's defence of the Treaty: it is less a defence than a presentation of the main facts as they appeared to a leading negotiator. It is a book of quotations from speeches and documents, illuminated by brilliant defensive flashes. How far hanging, or, rather, trying, the Kaiser (Lord Curzon's idea) and "the land fit for heroes" can be justified at this date the reader will judge. But the unconscious relation of those emotional high-jinks with the unrest in the factories caused by events in Russia is pretty plain. It was a time for circuses.

A Director of British Pictures, Ltd.

Mr. Suliman Fenetics is a creation of Anthony Gibbs and Ian Fenwick in a book called "London Guyed" (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.). Twelve writers, including A. G. Macdonell, James Agate, J. B. Morton, Wyndham Lewis, Humbert Wolfe, and the editor, William Kimber, have contributed their satirical and witty observations on the transport, art, sport, restaurants, and other amenities of London. Ian Fenwick provides an illustration for each topic

"GUNS OR BUTTER" (Putnam; 10*s*. 6*d*.) is Mr. Bruce Lockhart's anecdotal inspection of the aftermath last year and early this year. Good-natured, toughish, sentimental à la Beaverbrook, fond of visiting the scenes of his youth and contrasting them with what he sees to-day, he is an intelligent, common-sense man of the world, a bit sorry for himself. (Since Fleet Street has become self-revelatory it has become chronically sorry for itself.) Mr. Lockhart talks and listens his way around Scandinavia and Central Europe, listening to the quarrels of the Croats, the anxiety of Benés, the triumphant Germans, and so on; and reports the general anxiety that England should be strong. The German chapters are especially worth reading. Mr. Lockhart thinks Nazi-ism partly a question of age, over forties anti-Nazi, under forties Nazi. Why did he not talk to the working classes? Among the good stories is one about a very sticky attempt at Anglo-German *rapprochement* at a recent official dinner in London where an enormous ice pudding was served as a sweet and a speech-wearied Englishman exclaimed aloud, "L'entente glaciale!"

A BRIEF word must be said for the short stories of Mr. Leslie Halward, *The Money's All Right* (Michael Joseph; 7*s*. 6*d*.). They are the least affected, most real (especially in their talk), fragments of working-class life which are being done to-day, and are without the doctrinal lugubriousness which lies like a blight upon the class, as it used to do in the times of Victorian missionary fiction.

THE following novels are recommended:

Growth of a Man. Mazo de la Roche (Macmillan; 7*s*. 6*d*.).

Sarah's Youth. E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross (Longmans; 7*s*. 6*d*.).

Jill Fell Down. Jerrard Tickell (Heinemann; 7*s*. 6*d*.).

Already Walks To-morrow. A. G. Street (Faber; 7*s*. 6*d*.).

Garland of Bays. Gwyn Jones Gollancz; 10*s*. 6*d*.).

Lady Crushwell's Companion. Bryan Guinness (Putnam; 7*s*. 6*d*.).

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Worplesdon and After

By Eleanor E. Helme

In days gone by, the accusation was not unheard that I laid all the blame for losing at Worplesdon on the shoulders of the men, and gave all the credit for winning to the women. That is as it may be. But at least I did not ignore the men, as some of their own sex ignored them this year. Mrs. Garon and Miss Wanda Morgan might have been waging lone battles for all the credit the Press gave to their gallant partners; only the referee, invariably polite, announced: "Hole to Mrs. Garon and Storey, who are now two up."

Now that is not the way Worplesdon struck me; in fact, it seemed more patent than ever that it is the man who counts there, not the woman. The woman may destroy a good man, but she cannot make him; and how the man plays matters infinitely more than the woman. That is one reason why winning couples are apt to be those in which the man drives at the odds, because that way of it means his playing the greater number of counting shots, particularly when the pinch comes at the finish of the round. It is the big hitter who should, for comfort and safety's sake, tackle the drive at the seventeenth (to make the shot on to that elusive green a simple one), and, above all, he who should play the second on to the eighteenth. It is worth noting that—if memory serves—all the couples who have won the Worplesdon Foursomes have been those in which the man hit the first tee-shot. Miss Wethered only proved the rule by being its exception.

At the Ladies' Parliamentary G.A. autumn meeting at West Hill Mrs. Douglas Fish and Miss J. Barnes-Gorell came second in the foursomes: Miss Gorell won every other event

Next year I should like to see Mr. Alec Morrice take the odds, and try if that will not just take him and Miss Morgan one match further. Not that they did not play gloriously the other way round; very much more impressively than Mrs. Garon and Storey in the earlier stages. Perhaps that was why, when they came to grips in the final, they appeared a little worried by the unaccustomed sensation of being the under-dogs.

Mrs. Garon and Storey, on the other hand, had worked steadily up, and when Mrs. Garon admitted with subdued glee that she had found out what had been wrong with her putting all week—she 'd been moving her body—it would have been a very blind observer who had not seen that she was now on the winning side. They played glorious golf, and deserved their win, every hole of it, though 6 and 5 does sound severe. Mrs. Garon played like an angel, and the putts she holed were legion; but I have seen her do both before now, and am going to admit that it was her partner's play which impressed me even more. I believe that I once dared to describe a very masterly shot of his as of the type that a first-class lady plays more often than a first-class man. Believe me, there was nothing ladylike about the way he smote that ball this year, even if his distribution of weight, when he addresses the ball, is something similar to that of Mrs. J. B. Watson

Before the final began, the great feature of the week seemed to be Miss Wanda Morgan's beautiful putting. I was planning a moving article on the almost incredible improvement, wrought by the new methods taught her a year ago by her partner and practised diligently ever since; it seemed such a marvellous message of hope to others who had once been unreliable putters, a message of hope wrought by diligence. The final upset plans, for though the vast improvement is there, one cannot write about runners-up instead of the winners, and the final was a putting victory as much as anything else.

The Storey stance has borne fruit already: Mrs. Douglas Fish had adopted it with some success at the Parliamentary Autumn Meeting at West Hill a few days later; but, so far, nobody has appeared with quite so minute a head on their putter. They are probably afraid that ignorant onlookers will imagine they have inadvertently picked up a walking-stick with a fancy top to it, a "cane with a 'orse-'eaded 'andle," such as Albert used to poke the lion with at Blackpool. If only we could all poke lions as effectively as Mr. Storey, we could well let others jeer.

The Worplesdon district in autumn is not only beautiful, but greens thereabouts—in fact, the whole of the courses—are apt to be something very near perfection. The praise lavished on Worplesdon's condition may be applied with equal truth to its near neighbour, West Hill, where a big gathering of Parliamentary ladies struck off in the autumn meeting.

Great things were expected of Mrs. Hugh Percy, down from Northumberland, and leading by three strokes for the scratch aggregate on spring and autumn meetings. But her one putts (she is almost tired of the nickname) cancelled out with three putts this time, and it was Miss Barnes Gorell who swept all boards with her 79 less 6 equals 73, winning scratch, handicap, scratch aggregate; losing the tie for the handicap aggregate to Mrs. Sydney Hankey; and even winning second prize for the Stapleford nine holes with Mrs. Fish; first going to the Hon. Mrs. G. A. Murray, of polo fame, and Mrs. Leslie Bushman.

Miss Barnes Gorell played the five short holes really well—threes at four of them and a two at the other; and that is perhaps the best recipe of all for winning anything, whether it be medal or match play. If it be whispered that the card did have a couple of sevens on it, that merely makes a gross total of 79 the more meritorious. She was the only player, long or short handicap, who bettered par all day, and that speaks volumes.

The Hon. Mrs. G. A. Murray and Mrs. Leslie Bushman won the Ladies' Parliamentary foursomes (nine holes) at West Hill with 20 points

Mrs. Tresfon, Lady Claud Hamilton and Mrs. C. Gerard were three more Parliamentary ladies playing at West Hill. Lady Claud Hamilton is the Duke of Abercorn's sister-in-law

Miss V. Villiers and the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Anson, sister-in-law of the Earl of Lichfield, were also photographed at West Hill for the L.P.G.A. autumn meeting

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PARFUMS

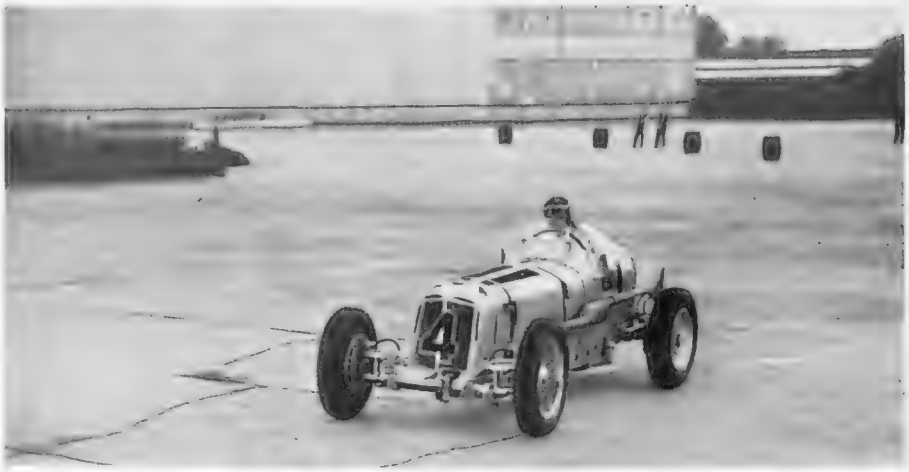
Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

THE final Brooklands Meeting provided some first-class racing. Mays simply ran away with the Mountain Championship race, and his speed of over 80 m.p.h does him and his E.R.A. great credit, for the class record for one lap is less than one m.p.h. faster than his average for the whole race.

Watching a Mountain Race at Brooklands again after a lapse of a year makes me more than ever certain that the policy of the authorities in dropping these races in an endeavour to popularise the comparatively dull Campbell circuit is a tremendous mistake. I am willing to bet that if they tried the experiment next year of one entire meeting devoted to each of the three circuits, the Mountain Meeting would get the greatest "gate" and the Campbell circuit meeting would attract the smallest.

Chris Staniland's performance in the Multi-Union was really sensational. His *standing* lap at 121·77 m.p.h. and his next one at 141·49 were really marvellous in a field of sixteen starters, and he is to be congratulated heartily on a fine win.



Mays Wins the Mountain Championship

Raymond Mays, driving Mr. H. W. Cook's E.R.A., beat a field of fifteen over ten laps of the Brooklands mountain course to win the Mountain Championship and the Kathleen Drogheda Trophy

THOSE fans who went to the Crystal Palace the other week to watch the much-vaunted "Bira"-Dobson duel were disappointed, for "Bira" picked up a nail in one of his tyres on the first lap and had to withdraw, providing Dobson with a virtual walk-over. If they were keen enough to go to Brooklands as well, however, they saw this duel actually materialise, for these two drivers fought out the race for the Siam Challenge Trophy in the most dramatic way, and one really must hand it to "Bira" for his restraint in waiting to learn all Dobson's tricks before passing him! The story of the day, however, was provided by A. R. P. Rolt in the second October Road Handicap.

The exhaust-box of Rolt's silencer is held in position by a bolt which goes through the body into the cockpit just in line with the driver's thigh. During the race this bolt sheered and dropped out and a little tongue of flame badly burnt Rolt's leg. With great presence of mind, he wriggled free from one of his gloves and stuffed it in the hole (while still driving at speed, mind you!), and all was well until the glove caught fire, whereupon he crushed out the smoulder and drove on with one hand, holding unburnt bits of glove over the hole with the other. And Rolt won the

(*Concluded on page* vi)

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Motoring Commentary

(Continued from page iv)

race despite all these extraneous excitements, beating Abecassis on level handicap terms—and we all know what Abecassis did to "Bira" in the Imperial Trophy Race the week before!

THE regulations for the R.A.C. Veteran Car Run from London to Brighton, which takes place on Sunday, November 20th, have now been issued by the R.A.C.

The event, which is known almost throughout the world as the "Old Crocks' Run," has grown to be the most popular motoring fixture of the year. No other event attracts such enormous crowds. The run is held annually to commemorate the famous Emancipation Day Run which took place in 1896. The object of that run was to celebrate the passing into law of the first Motor Car Act which abolished the man with the red flag and permitted motor-cars to travel on the public highways at speeds greater than two miles per hour. This year's Run, therefore, is the forty-second anniversary of the original demonstration. Only cars which were built before 1905 are eligible to participate, and accordingly the youngest will be at least thirty-four years old.

The start will again be from the Magazine in Hyde Park, with the permission of H.M. Office of Works, the first and oldest car being dispatched at 8 a.m., the remainder of the entry, which is expected to exceed one hundred, leaving at minute intervals. The cars will run at schedule speeds graded according to their age, that for the earliest (1894-1896) being fixed at 10 m.p.h., ranging upwards to 18 m.p.h. for the 1903 and 1904 models. All of the cars will stop near Crawley for approximately an hour for rest and replenishment both for drivers and cars.

Last year I drove Major Allday's 1903 Mercedes in the London-Brighton run with Mr. J. Heitner as enthusiast-companion. We had impenetrable fog and numbing cold to cope with in the early stages, but conditions eased after Crawley, and the old car, which is still capable of something like 60 m.p.h., ran faultlessly throughout—the only difficulty being to keep its speed *down* to the prescribed schedule. Major Allday has invited us to drive for him again in November, but I anticipate a bit of a tussle with him over permission to take the same car, for something tells me he wants to drive it himself this year. Still, whatever he gives us will be a joy to handle, for Major Allday is a zealot and his veteran cars are all in impeccable condition — and, incidentally, act as a very convincing advertisement for the craftsmanship of his Service Department at Weybridge!

Retrospect to Olympia

The high light of the 1938 Motor Show was the Duke of Kent's opening of the Exhibition. Here H.R.H. is seen admiring a Daimler exhibit with Mr. E. H. W. Cooke, Daimler's managing director, and Mr. J. R. Alexander, a fellow director

WITH the inclusion of Car Radio exhibits in the Motor Show this year for the first time, it seems intelligent to forecast a boom in sets. A Rover "14" which has lately come my way is so equipped, and I can honestly say that it adds enormously to the pleasure of motoring. Of course, there are fleeting moments when it is a little out of step with conditions: such an occasion arose recently when a London taxi suddenly and without warning described a sort of figure-eight in front of me to reach a prospective fare before a rival, and while I did desperate things to avoid disaster, a sweet voice crooned to me, "I'm in the mood for Lurve"!

25/30 H.P.

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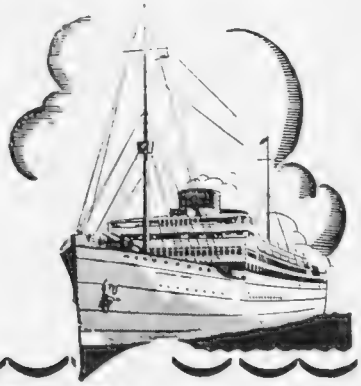

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Little Woman

(Continued from page 145)

finally, although he insisted she was no trouble, he took to fishing nearer the lodge.

Sometimes it surprised him at the number of things a man who was married to a little thing like Penny had to think of. There was the question of theatre tickets, for instance; he had to remember to get seats in the first row, so that Penny wouldn't have to crane her neck or sit on her coat to see the stage; he must also remember to shorten his steps when they walked together or Penny got tired and out of breath; things must be left where Penny could reach them without having to stand on a chair.

Once he had spoken to her about it. "Gosh!" he said. "It is kind of tough to be as little as you are! I never thought how it must be for you, not being able to do things that other people do."

The instant the words were out of his mouth he knew he had said the wrong thing. "I'd like to know what I can't do that other women can!" she told him indignantly. "I think I manage to keep busy!"

He had to admit she did keep busy. In fact, she was never still. She was as busy, he thought, as a canary in a cage, fluttering, picking, keeping up an incessant chirping. "Sure you keep busy," he said. "Busy as a bird."

When they had been married almost ten years, he went on a business trip to Chicago. The thought of being left all alone frightened Penny, and she made a great deal of it. He must put a chain lock on the front door, and write down where he would be every night, so that she could call him in case anything happened. Her anxious fluttering depressed him, and his depression lasted until he was safely on the train and seated in the warm, noisy dining-car.

His second night in Chicago, the man he had come to see, a Mr. Merrick, had asked him out for dinner. Mrs. Merrick went with them. She was a plain-looking woman, a little too stout, but there was something pleasing in the monotony of her solid brown hair that had no disturbing high-lights, her soft, friendly brown eyes, and her uninteresting brown felt hat. She had the appearance of a woman who had contemplatively set aside all personal vanity and turned to other things.

Ralph was surprised to find himself having a rather hilarious evening with them, and delighted to learn that Mr. Merrick had about decided to go back to New York with him and there wind up their business for good and all. "And take me," Mrs. Merrick said.

"Oh, sure, take you," Mr. Merrick agreed. And Ralph had added, "You bet!"

That night at the hotel, he wrote to Penny. It was a long, enthusiastic letter, and he wrote all the things he could think of to please her. "They asked all about you," he wrote. "And I told them you were no bigger than a minute and as pretty as a picture. So we'll take them to dinner when I get back, which should be about Friday. I'll wire exactly when. I miss you."

As he wrote "I miss you," he stopped, and put his pen down on the desk. It struck him that he hadn't missed Penny at all, while she—well, he supposed that she was rattling around in the apartment not knowing what to do with herself. It occurred to him that she ought to have something to do, something better than fussing around with things at home. Not that he wanted her to work, he thought. Penny was far too helpless and little to be able to cope with a job. His heart softened when he remembered their evenings together, with Penny curled up on his lap as he sat in the big chair, talking to him a mile a minute in her rather high, clear voice. He was ashamed of the many times he had wished she would read more, and recalled one dreadful evening when he had looked up from his paper at the sound of her nervous wandering about the room to say, "For the love of Pete, *light*, can't you?"

Thinking of these things and of the fine evening he had had with the Merricks, he picked up his pen again and underlined "I miss you."

The trip back to New York with the Merricks was great, but Penny was not at the station to meet him. "Unless we've missed her," he said gaily. "She's so darned little, she's easy to miss."

He assured the Merricks that he would just dash home, change his clothes, pick up Penny and meet them at their hotel.

Penny was waiting for him at home. She was almost hysterically glad to see him, and he noticed that the house was shining and spotless, with fresh flowers in the vases, and a wood fire burning in the grate. She was already dressed for the evening in a pale-pink taffeta dress with many ruffles, and stubby, satin shoes tied with large bows. She wore a ribbon around her hair, and in the shaded lights of the living-room she looked very young. It was only when she followed him to the bathroom to talk to him while he shaved that he noticed her more closely; the line of her mouth, always too thin, looked set and unhappy; the skin on her face looked drawn, and there was more than a sprinkling of grey in her black hair. The pink taffeta dress looked suddenly absurd on her, and he wished that she had worn something more suitable, something more her age. Why, Penny must be thirty-five!

She was curious about the Merricks, she said. "I never heard you make so much fuss over any two people in my life. What's she like?"

"Mrs. Merrick?" he asked, struggling with his stiff white shirt. "Oh, she's darned nice."

"Oh, I *know* that," Penny answered impatiently. "I know you think she's nice. What does she look like? Is she pretty?"

"No," he told her. "You couldn't call her pretty."

"Well, is she big, little, fat, thin?"

"She's not little," he said. "Why, she'd make two of you."

This seemed to satisfy her, and she asked no more about the Merricks.

At the hotel they were told that Mr. and Mrs. Merrick were waiting for them in the main dining-room. Walking through the lobby and down the long corridor, Penny was pleasantly conscious of the stir they created. She even shortened her steps a little so that she appeared to be keeping up with Ralph by tripping at his side.

Mrs. Merrick's first words to her were what she expected. "Why, you're tiny!"

Penny laughed sweetly and looked up at Ralph. "Not so tiny," she said. "I just look small beside Ralph, who is enormous."

Mrs. Merrick's eyes took in every detail of Penny, her dress, her shoes, and the ribbon around her hair, and then she said, in almost the exact words that Louise had used so many years ago: "Do you know, with heels you'd look much taller. Why, you must be five feet one or so, and with good high heels you'd look three inches taller! That would make you five feet four, which is a nice height. A great many movie actresses are five feet four."

Penny laughed again, but she flushed slightly.

"Now, Nellie," Mr. Merrick said. "Don't go to making people over the first minute you see them. Maybe Mrs. Loomis *likes* to look small."

"Nonsense!" Mrs. Merrick exclaimed heartily. "No one wants to look like a midget! That is, no one wants to look *too* different. I know I was awfully tall for my age when I was about fifteen, and I felt terribly about it. I was a sight, I can tell you."

"And you're a sight now," Penny thought furiously. She chose a seat next to Mrs. Merrick, and during dinner rested her small thin hand next to Mrs. Merrick's large square one. She picked at her food daintily, and exclaimed pleasantly, when the other woman ordered ice cream with chocolate sauce for dessert, "Not that I wouldn't love it, but I just haven't *room*," she said.

Later, when the music started, she was surprised to see Ralph spring eagerly to his feet and ask Mrs. Merrick to dance.

"I haven't danced much lately," he said. "But let's go!"

He put one arm around Mrs. Merrick's waist, and they started off. It was pleasant to have her face so near his own, to feel her soft, straight hair brush his forehead. She wore a dark-brown velvet dress, not very new and not very smart, but she had dignity and she moved smoothly with him across the dance floor. Over her shoulder he saw Penny dancing with Mr. Merrick. She was looking up into his face and talking brightly and animatedly. Mr. Merrick was bending down to catch what she was saying, smiling a frozen sort of smile. But he didn't look very happy.

The rest of the evening was not especially successful. Ralph tried in vain to recapture the spirit of hilarity he had felt with the Merricks in Chicago. But there was a sort of uneasiness in the air, even though Penny showed them several match-tricks.

He was a little relieved as they said good-night to learn that the Merricks had bought theatre tickets for the following evening, and were leaving the day after for Chicago.

All the way home, Ralph sat in one corner of the taxi watching Penny as she talked. Her head was bent slightly to one side in the bird-like way she affected, and the white street lights flashing through the window were not kind to her. As he looked at her, she seemed to grow smaller and smaller until there was nothing much left of her but a pink taffeta dress and a pink ribbon. It had started to rain, and the drops on the glass cast black dots on the pink taffeta dress and he had the impression that it, too, might eventually disappear.

He did not notice that the cab had stopped in front of their apartment until Penny's voice brought him gaily back to earth. It was habit that made him pick her up and carry her across the wet, slippery pavement. And for such a little woman, she felt surprisingly heavy in his arms.

THE END

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards, *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

October 26—November 1

THEATRES

Straight Plays

BANANA RIDGE.—Olga Lindo is with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in a far from original but very funny farce: Strand, 8.30.

BEHIND THE BLINDS.—A new comedy of flat-life with Barrie Livesey: Winter Garden, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DANGEROUS CORNER.—Priestley's first, and perhaps best, play is well served by Robert Harris, Ruth Lodge, Catherine Lacey, Stephen Murray: Westminster, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Less plot and a bigger family from Dodie Smith this time; a cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud, does justice to her shrewd portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLASHING STREAM.—A mentally exciting evening is provided by clash of desires and ideals; Godfrey Tearle, Felix Aylmer, H. G. Stoker, Margaret Rawlings: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Mackenzie Ward and Guy Middleton in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—The family laughter success with Jane Baxter at the head of an excellent cast takes a new lease: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Jessica Tandy, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS.—Leslie Banks plays name-part in an adaptation of Hilton's school story; Constance Cummings as Katie: Shaftesbury, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOODNESS, HOW SAD!—Title explains this slight, jolly episode from a stage career; Jill Furse and Hugh Sinclair head a good cast: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

HAMLET.—The Old Vic company in a Guthrie modern-dress production; Alec Guinness as the Prince: Old Vic, 7.15 (not Mon.). Thurs., Sat., 1.45.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—Lee Tracy and Tamara Geva are two of a mixed bag caught in Armageddon: His Majesty's Theatre, 8.30.

THE LAST TRUMP.—An end of the world theme by James Bridie shows Seymour Hicks as a hard financier, Hazel Terry as a hard girl, Cecil Trouncer as (usual) a doctor: Duke of York's, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LOT'S WIFE.—A malicious comedy, its wit well pointed by J. H. Roberts and Nora Swinburne as an oil-king Mr. Lot and his wife: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

QUIET WEDDING.—Frank Lawton and Elizabeth Allan are the centre of refreshing, humorous little matrimonial upheaval: Wyndham's, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares in St. John Ervine's amusing and stimulating play about a parson married to a doctor: Globe, 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

ROOM FOR TWO.—Elsie Randolph, Hugh Wakefield, Henry Kendall in a bedroom comedy: Comedy, 8.30 Tues., Fri., 2.30.

SHE TOO WAS YOUNG.—Impeccable period (1870) atmosphere and sympathetic parts for Esmé Percy, Marie Ney, Edmund Gwenn, Dorothy Hyson, Ann Todd: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING MEETING.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey, Zena Dare: Ambassadors, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

TREE OF EDEN.—Louise Hampton, Sebastian Shaw, Lilli Palmer, in a "Tempest" theme up-to-date: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.—An excellent *soufflé* at the expense of Yorkshire marriage and morals; Priestley's sly points driven home by Frank Pettingell, Helena Pickard and others: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE WHITE GUARD.—How the last poor remains of Tsarism are submerged in the Red waves; exciting, tragic; Peggy Ashcroft, George Devine, Marius Goring: Phœnix, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

BOBBY, GET YOUR GUN.—Bobby Howes doubles parts, moves from England to Cuba, is supported by Gertrude Niesen, Diana Churchill, Wylie Watson: Adelphi, 8.15 Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

AN ELEPHANT IN ARCADY.—The Farjeons' musical play is charming, witty and elegant, with music picked from Mozart, Scarlatti and contemporaries; Irene Eisinger, Frederick Ranalow: Kingsway, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLEET'S LIT UP.—Stanley Lupino supplies the humour, Frances Day and Adèle Dixon the glamour in a naughtically-tinged musical: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard, George Benson, and a co-operative cast put across Farjeon's long-running intimate revue with verve and wit: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. III.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

"Quiet Wedding"

This play about the difficulties of getting married has the makings of another "George and Margaret": Frank Lawton and Elizabeth Allan are the pair concerned. At Wyndham's

RUNNING RIOT.—The Gaiety perennial is up to standard, with Leslie Henson, Fred Emney, Richard Hearne, Louise Browne up to their old tricks: Gaiety, 8.15 Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.—The Crazy Gang's show is excellent entertainment value, with a lot of old friends and some new: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs. 2.30.

WILD OATS.—Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe, and Vera Pearce win and spend a football pool; unpretentious and very funny: Prince's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30

Variety

VARIETIES, or what Americans call revues, can be seen in London at the Coliseum (6.25 and 9; Sat., 2.30); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9), and the Prince of Wales (2-11.30 non-stop).

First Night

A PARTY FOR CHRISTMAS.—Milton Rosmer and Sydney Fairbrother head the cast in a light-hearted comedy: Haymarket, to-night, 26th.

CINEMAS

ABUS DE CONFIANCE (French).—Henri Decoin directed his wife, Danielle Darrieux, and Charles Vanel in this: Studio One.

THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD (American).—Errol Flynn is just the man for Robin, Basil Rathbone is the wicked Sir Guy, Olivia de Havilland is Marian, in Warner's super-pseudo-English historical: Warner.

ALGIERS (American).—*Pépé le Moko* has been remade by the Americans about a quarter as good as the original; Charles Boyer, Sigrid Gurie, Hedy Lamarr: Marble Arch Pavilion.

ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND (American).—This picture tells how a young violinist rises to fame in swing music: thirty songs by Irving Berlin incorporated: Regal.

CAREFREE (American).—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers are back together again in a carefree plot and setting: New Gallery.

THE CHEAT (French).—Anglicised version of Sacha Guitry's *Roman d'un Tricheur*: Gaumont.

FLASHBACKS.—Cochran has assembled a priceless selection of antique films: Palace Theatre.

IF I WERE KING (American).—Colman gives a subtle performance as Villon, Basil Rathbone as the shuffling Louis: Plaza.

MADEMOISELLE MA MÈRE (French).—Not up to the standard we expect from France or La Darrieux; a crazy marriage comedy: Berkeley.

PRISON SANS BARREAUX (French).—Corinne Luchaire heads the reformatory girls in a Venice prize-winning film, whose English version is at the London Pavilion: Academy.

PRISON WITHOUT BARS (British).—Edna Best, Barry Barnes, and Corinne Luchaire, with three or four English starlets, in a reformatory setting: London Pavilion.

PYGMALION (British).—Leslie Howard as Higgins, Wendy Hiller as Eliza in Shaw's own adaptation of his play: Leicester Square.

ST. MARTIN'S LANE (British).—Charles Laughton is a theatre busker, Vivien Leigh a guttersnipe who becomes a stage star, in this very English film: Carlton

SIXTY GLORIOUS YEARS (British).—Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook repeat their parts of *Victoria the Great* in Herbert Wilcox's re-made historical: Odeon.

THE STRANGE MONSIEUR VICTOR (French).—Raimu in a sinister Jekyll and Hyde rôle, with Pierre Blanchar: Curzon.

TOO HOT TO HANDLE (American).—Clark Gable and Myrna Loy in a worthy successor to *Test Pilot*; fast and thrilling tale of a news-cameraman: Empire.

OPERA and BALLET

COVENT GARDEN:

CAVALLERIA and PAGLIACCI.—To-night, 26th, 8 p.m.
FAUST (Gounod).—Thurs., 27th, 7.45.
THE SERF.—Fri., 28th, 8 p.m.
MADAME BUTTERFLY.—Sat., 29th, 2.30.
DIE FLEDERMAUS.—Sat., 29th, 8.15.

SADLER'S WELLS:

THE MASTERSINGERS.—To-night, 26th, 6.15.
GISELLE, LES PATINEURS.—Thurs., 27th, 8.30.
DON GIOVANNI.—Fri., 28th, 7.45.
RENDEZVOUS, NOCTURNE, LAC DES CYGNES (III.).—Sat., 29th, 2.30.
RIGOLETTO.—Sat., 29th, 8.
LAC DES CYGNES (II.), NOCTURNE, CHECKMATE.—Tues., 1st, 8.30.

MUSIC

Recitals and Chamber Music

KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD.—Only appearance this season: Queen's Hall, Fri., 28th, 8.30.

ORLOFF.—Chopin recital: Palladium, Sun., 30th, 3.15.

D'ARANYI and FACHIRI.—Works for two violins: Wigmore Hall, Mon., 31st, 8.30.

GRACE MOORE.—Albert Hall, Tues., 1st, 8.30.

Orchestral

B.B.C.—Boult conducts, Szigeti is soloist in a Mozart, Busoni, Walton programme: Queen's Hall, to-night, 26th, 8.15.

L.P.O.—Beecham conducts in the first of the Sibelius festival concerts; Finlandia, The Barb, In Memoriam, Symphonies 2 and 3: Queen's Hall, Thurs., 27th, 8.15.

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERT.—The L.P.O. in a programme to be announced: Covent Garden, 30th, 3.15.

L.S.O.—Charles Hambourg conducts in Humperdinck, Dukas, Tschaikowsky, Beethoven's Emperor concerto (Solomon): Queen's Hall, Sun., 30th, 3.15.

L.P.O.—Beecham conducts in the second of the Sibelius festival concerts; En Saga, Nightride and Sunrise, Symphonies 1 and 6: Queen's Hall, Tues., 1st, 8.15.

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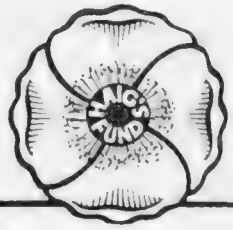

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Lenare

Tara Newall

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Newall, of Chelmarch, Eastbourne. She is engaged to Captain Hugh J. C. Ducat-Hamersley, Ox. and Bucks. L.I., elder son of Major and Mrs. Ducat-Hamersley, of Pyrton Manor, Watlington, Oxon.

Hay Wrightson

Cynthia Cadman

Is the daughter of James Cadman, of Walton Hall, Eccleshall, Staffs., and the late Mrs. Cadman. She is to marry Ian Arthur Marriott, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh F. Marriott, of Spaniards Field, Wildwood Rise, N.W., and Newnham House, Daventry, Northants.

Pearl Freeman

Erica Margaret Wright

Is the daughter of E. Blackwood Wright, late Judge of the High Court of Trinidad, and Mrs. Wright, of Granville House, Granville Park, S.E.13. She is engaged to Herr Rudolf Friedrich Schumacher, eldest son of Herr Rudolf Schumacher, of Bremen

Janet Jevons

Patricia Drury

Will be married in Colombo on Nov. 8th to David Moir Brown. She is the younger daughter of Commander and Mrs. E. Drury, of Harptree, Strawberry Hill, Twickenham. He is the son of the Rev. Andrew Brown, D.D., of Morningside Manse, Edinburgh

Pearl Freeman

Rosemary Millicent Howard

Is the daughter of Major Henry Howard, of 4, Argyll Road, W.8, and Mrs. Howard, of Little Tangley, Wonersh, Surrey, and niece of Mrs. James Field. Her fiancé is Guy Michael Craigie Anderson, Northamptonshire Regiment, son of C. S. Anderson, of Hillside, Bridport, Dorset

Bassano

Diana Blair

Is the younger daughter of the late Captain Duncan Blair, and Mrs. Blair, of 13, Sussex Mansions, S.W.7. She will be married next summer in China to Lieut.-Commander Terence C. Robinson, R.N., only son of Dr. and Mrs. G. A. Robinson, of Park Row, Nottingham

Laver

Peggy Law

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Law, of 3, Rutland Gate, S.W.7, and Westwood, Wentworth, Surrey. She announced her engagement to John Eric Carter Rickman, elder son of Captain and Mrs. Eric R. Rickman, of Westgate, Cobham, Surrey

Catherine Bell

Delia Strawson

Is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Strawson, of 48, Elm Park Gardens, S.W.10. She has announced her engagement to Edward Snell, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Snell, of Mowden School, Brighton

Lenare

Persis Clerk Rattray

Is the daughter of the late Colonel Clerk Rattray, and Mrs. Clerk Rattray, of Craighall-Rattray, Blairgowrie, Perthshire. Her fiancé is Edward Francis Aglen, Sudan Political Service, eldest son of the late Sir Francis and Lady Aglen

Pearl Freeman

Lorna Le Gros

Is engaged to Lieut. Herbert Frank Bromwich, R.N., only son of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. G. H. Bromwich, of Lyle Court, Sevenoaks, Kent. She is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Le Gros, of Shooters Lodge, Windsor Forest, Bucks.

Lenare

Lucille d'Oyen Parks

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Basil Parks, of Carlisle House, St. Andrew, Jamaica. She announced her engagement to Thomas Lascelles Iremonger, only son of the late Lt.-Col. H. E. W. Iremonger, and Mrs. Iremonger, of Pike House, Fareham, Hants.

(Concluded on page H)

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Getting Married *(Continued from page F)*

Nunweek — Stansfield

Arthur Desmond Nunweek, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Nunweek, of Sandygate Grange, Sheffield, and Dorothy Stansfield, only child of the late Major G. H. Stansfield, of Studley Mount, Monkseaton, and of Mrs. Arthur Dixon, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Mainwaring — Wannell

Harry William Eric Mainwaring, youngest son of the late General W. G. Mainwaring, C.I.E., I.S.C., and of Mrs. Mainwaring, married Esmé Doreen Wannell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Wannell, of Strathbeg, Kenton, Harrow, at St. Mary's Church, Harrow-on-the-Hill, on October 15th, 1938

Blair — Sanders

It was a Chelmsford Cathedral wedding between Captain H. Neville Blair, The Black Watch, and Isabel Sanders. He is the son of Mrs. Percival Bott, of 21, Norfolk Crescent, W.2; she is the daughter of the late Canon Henry Sanders and Mrs. Sanders, of Mayneltrees, Chelmsford

Campbell — Simpson

Marshall Ian Campbell, second son of the late Colin Campbell and Mrs. Campbell, of Durban, South Africa, and Jean Stewart Simpson, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Simpson, of Trinidad, B.W.I., were married at St. Columba's, Pont Street

Howe — More O'Ferrall

Flt.-Lt. Rowan S. Howe, son of the late J. H. Howe and Mrs. Howe, of Swaziland, South Africa, married Pamela More O'Ferrall at St. Michael's, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. More O'Ferrall, of Lisnard, Edgeworthstown, Co. Longford

Eliott-Lockhart — Pease

At St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens, Capt. William Eliott-Lockhart, only son of the late Lt.-Col. P. C. Eliott-Lockhart, D.S.O., and Mrs. Lockhart, of Frogs Hill, Newenden, Kent, married Ann Pease, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Pease, of Round Hill, Jamaica

Calvert — Dove

Peter George Calvert and Claud Rosemary Dove were married at St. Margaret's, Ockley, Surrey. He is the son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. William Calvert, of Ockley Court; she is the daughter of Mr. A. W. D. Dove, of 54, Crescent Road, Kingston Hill, and Mrs. R. F. Binnie, Northern Transvaal, South Africa

Hulbert — Gretton-Watson

It was a register office wedding at Caxton Hall between Norman John Hulbert, M.P. for Stockport, only son of the late Norman Hulbert and Mrs. Hulbert, and Eileen Pearl Gretton-Watson, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Gretton-Watson, of 30, Cliveden Place, S.W.1

Hay — Wallace

Howard Soltau Fitz-Gerald Hay, only son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. H. G. Fitz-Gerald Hay, of Gunfield, Ingatestone, Essex, married Mary-Joyce Wallace at Chelsea Old Church. She is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wallace, of Pixie's Holt, Dartmeet, Devon

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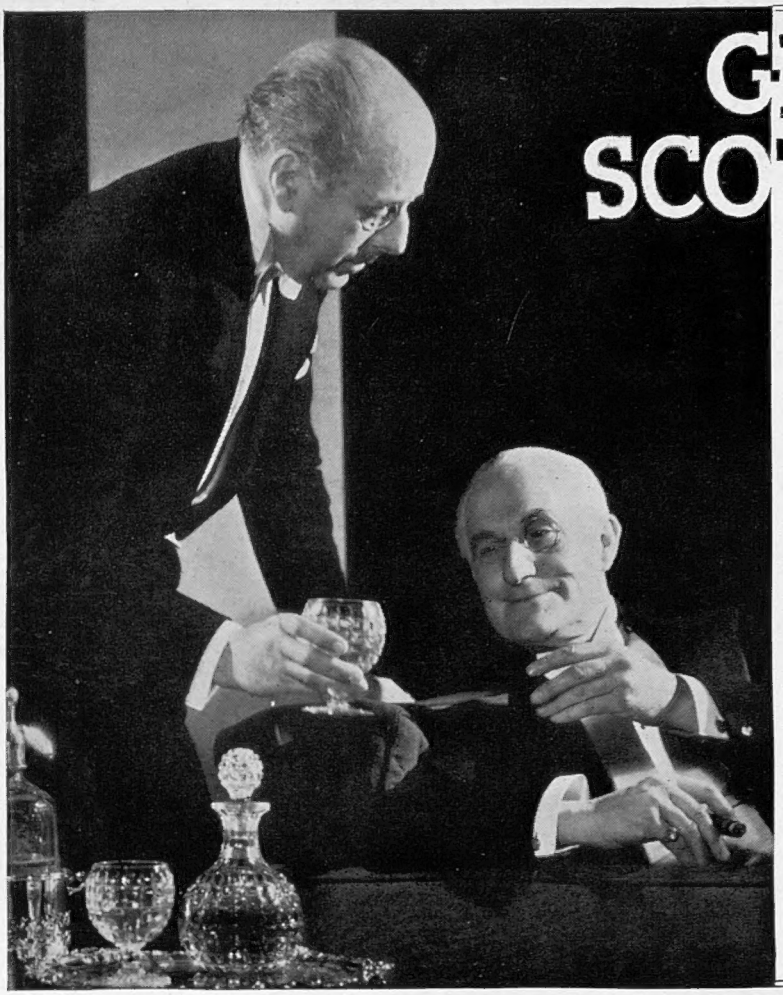

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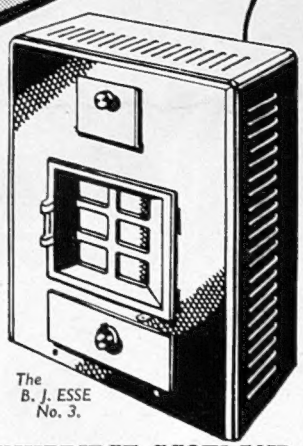

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